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# SCREENLAND



June

15c

36

aulette Goddard

**Bing**  
EXPOSES  
**Crosby-**  
**Sinatra**  
"FEUD"

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"STRANGE CONFESSION" - EXOTIC LOVE STORY  
STARRING GEORGE SANDERS AND LINDA DARNELL



MAY 30 1944

*Maria Montez*

IN "COBRA WOMAN" A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



## *Tru-Color Lipstick*

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ORIGINAL color harmony shades to accent the appeal of your lips...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*...one dollar

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**Make a lovely smile your conquering charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

**F**ACE THE WORLD, Plain Girl—and Smile! The spotlight doesn't shine only on the prettiest girls. You can win your share of compliments and admiration. You can take a leading part in romance *if your smile is right.*

So smile, Plain Girl, Smile! Not just a shy, uncertain smile—but a smile that flashes with magic charm—gay, bright, enchanting! But remember for that kind of smile you need sound, sparkling teeth.

And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

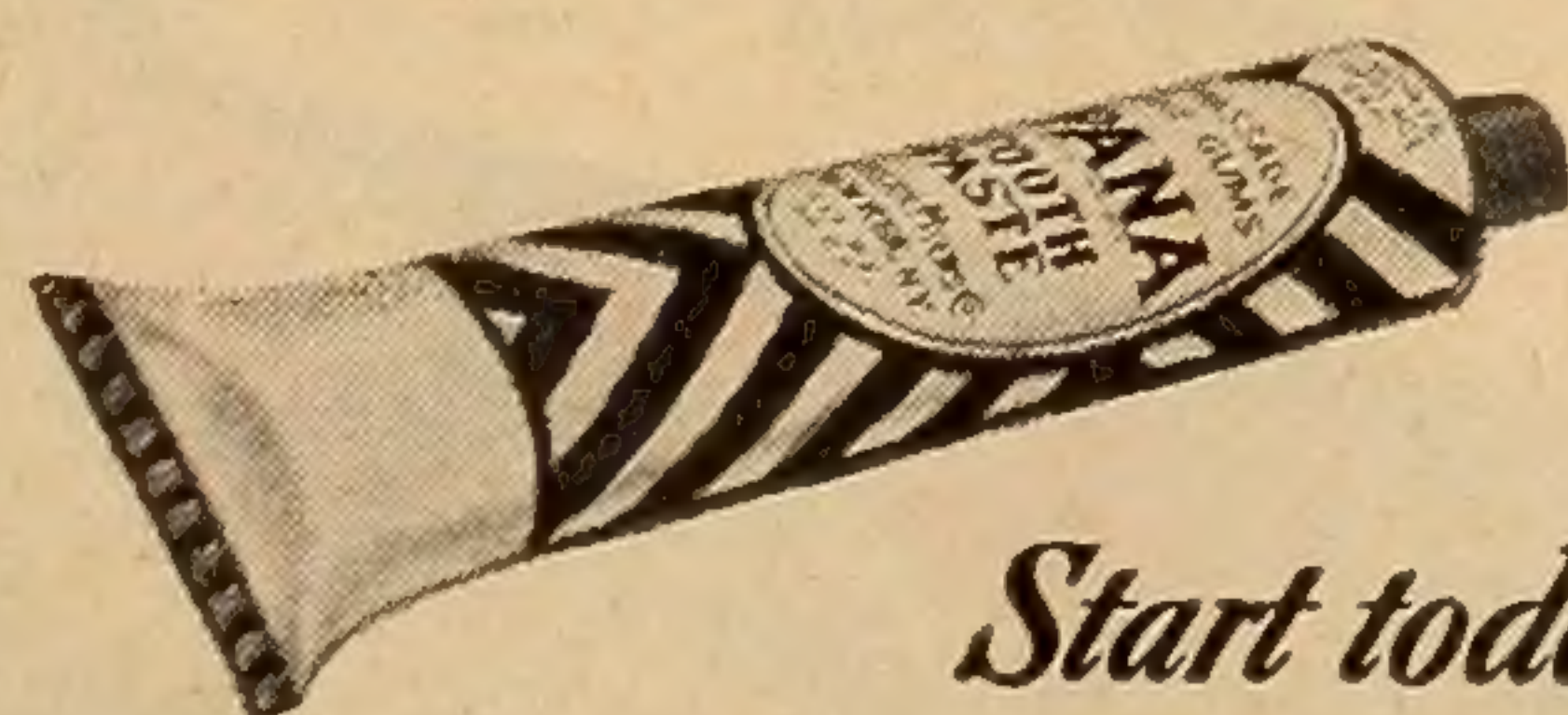
## Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive—denied exercise by today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little

Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

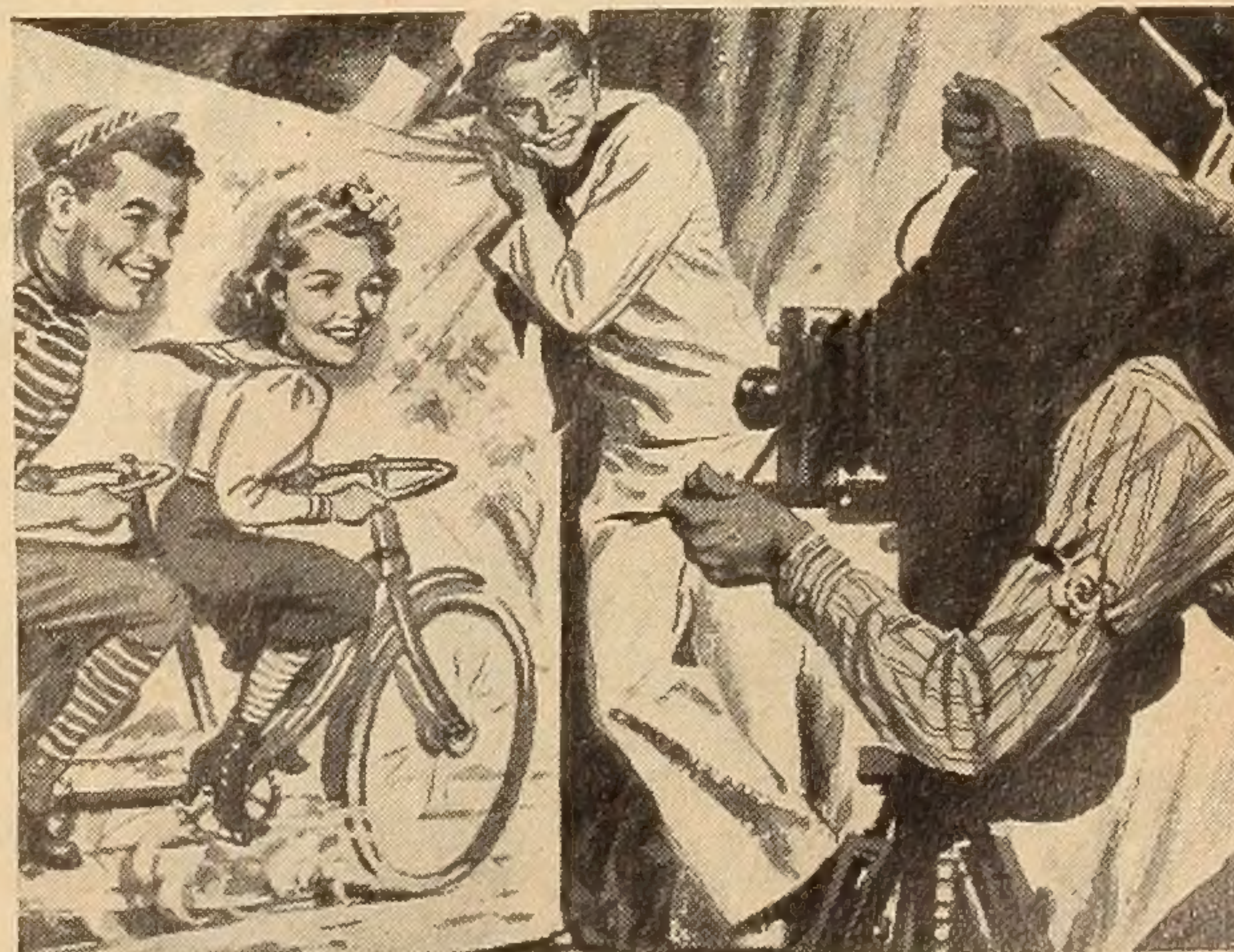
Today, start with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.



Product of Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*

## IPANA and MASSAGE



The Picture's Gay and bright for the girl with a sparkling, attractive smile. Help keep your smile radiant and winning with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!



M.G.M.'s *SHIP-SHAPELY* MUSICAL!

Big! Beautifull Ro-  
mantic! Joy ahoy!  
"See the world"  
of fun and love  
and melody in  
this mighty  
musical!

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AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS  
WITH HELEN FORREST

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★ ALBERT COATES ★ DONALD MEEK ★ AMPARO NOVARRO  
★ VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ WILDE TWINS



Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by RICHARD THORPE  
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

Hear these song-hits:  
"Sweet And Lovely"  
"Granada"  
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"  
"Take It Easy"  
"My Mother Told Me"



# SCREENLAND

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## ★ Every Story a Feature! ★

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## Full Color Portraits: ★ ★ ★

Warner Brothers' stars: Jane Wyman, soon to appear in "Make Your Own Bed;" Paul Henreid, next seen in "Devotion;" Irene Manning, now appearing in "Shine On, Harvest Moon;" Errol Flynn, starring in "Uncertain Glory"

Linda Darnell, co-starring with George Sanders in "Strange Confession" Maria Montez, starring in Universal's "Cobra Woman"

**Picture Pages:** Call Him "Mister Sinatra" From Now On! (Frank Sinatra); She Wore A Sweater (Martha O'Driscoll); Something New For Eleanor (Eleanor Powell); Photo Previews ("Sweet And Low-Down," "Greenwich Village"); "Shine On," Ann Sheridan! (Fashions); Spring Fling! (Ida Lupino Fashions); Very Warm For Van (Van Johnson); Very Nice To Meet (Lucille Ball); SCREENLAND Salutes "The White Cliffs Of Dover"

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Cover Portrait of PAULETTE GODDARD, star of Paramount's "I Love A Soldier." Kodachrome by A. L. Whitey Schafer

JUNE, 1944

Paul Hunter, President  
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager  
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager

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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**



Published in  
this space  
every month

The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.



The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.



Paws across the sea — Lea





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for daintiness!

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**Hot**  
FROM  
**HOLLYWOOD**

Dorothy Lamour and Lou  
Costello emit melodious  
pear-shaped tones on his  
radio show. Below, Robert  
Cummings with Mary Con-  
stant, in a novel "Daniel  
Boone" hat, at Mocambo.

ALAN LADD was dis-  
charged once from the  
service for physical disability,  
but recently was summoned  
for a new physical and came  
through with flying colors.  
The Army will let him star in  
a costume piece, "Two Years  
Before The Mast," before tak-  
ing over responsibility for his  
future wardrobes. This, girls,  
looks like your last crack at  
Alan for the duration.

SAW HUMPHREY BOGART and  
Mayo Methot when they got back  
from their tour of the Italian front.  
Bogie is an idol to the service men, most  
of whom have seen "Casablanca." They  
instinctively call him *Rick*. He's the  
type tiger-meat those boys understand.  
Bogey says a tour of the front is getting  
to be like old-home week. He ran into  
Lieut. Bruce Cabot and John Carroll. "It  
was like dropping in at the Brown Der-  
by, only different." I asked where the  
chief difference came in. "In the cuisine,  
you dope!" said Bogey.

WHEN KATIE HEPBURN finishes  
in "Dragon Seed," she may move over  
to 20th Century to play the rôle of *Fran-  
cie* in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." Com-  
petition is hot for the principal rôles in  
this story, so widely and lovingly read  
that the public has definite feeling about  
it. And can you picture Errol Flynn in  
the rôle of a singing waiter? It may  
happen if Fred MacMurray doesn't  
shoulder him out. Alice Faye fans are  
in for a treat, for Alice plays *Aunt Cissy*  
—she's wanted to do a straight rôle for a  
long time now, without a single song in it.



**4...COUNT 'EM...4  
HEAVENLY HONEYS**

**(And One Lone Wolf)**

**In A Heavenly  
Musical Laugh Hit  
FROM PARAMOUNT**

**WITH THE STARS OF 3 GREAT  
1944 PARAMOUNT COMEDIES  
UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!**

**DOROTHY LAMOUR**

of "Riding High"

**FRED MACMURRAY**

of "No Time For Love"

**BETTY HUTTON**

of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" ... with

**Diana Lynn**

Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek" ... and

**Mimi Chandler**



**The swiny, zingy story of 4 singing sisters  
and the big, bad band leader who tried  
to make love to the whole darn family!**

with

**RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.**

**Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL**

**Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama**

**Based on a story by Claude Binyon**

**AND THEY SING AS PRETTY  
AS THEY LOOK!**

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The  
First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse  
Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden  
Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by  
Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs







## Thrills that electrify the nation!

Crowds and critics call it one of the screen's most unusual dramas . . .

The strange story of a brilliant scientist lured by a woman's beauty to trespass on the secrets of life and love!



**VERA HRUBA RALSTON**  
**RICHARD ARLEN**  
**ERICH VON STROHEIM**

## Lady and THE THE Monster

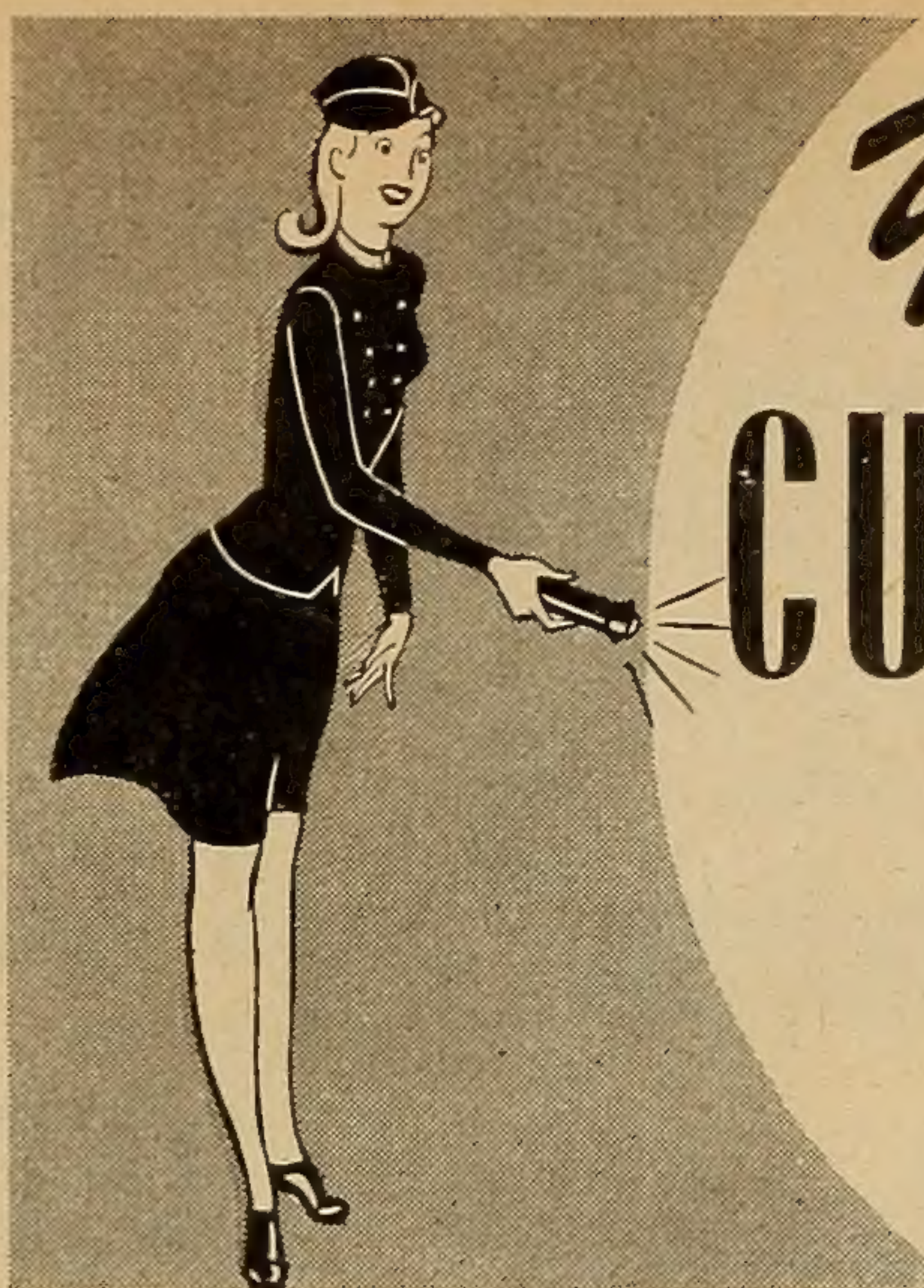
with  
**HELEN VINSON**  
**SIDNEY BLACKMER**

Based on the novel  
"DONOVAN'S BRAIN"  
by CURT SIODMAK

**GEORGE SHERMAN,**  
Director



A Republic Picture



## Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

*Delight Evans*

### GOING MY WAY—Paramount



Quiet and unassuming is this new Bing Crosby film, but it will warm your heart and leave you asking for more. It's a new Crosby, yet it's the old one, too, lending his familiar talent to the rôle of a young curate who has the job of putting old St. Dominic, situated on the seamy side of New York, back on a supporting basis, and helping its aging priest to improve the morals of the parishioners. Barry Fitzgerald is magnificent as the old priest. Jean Heather, a real find, and Jim Brown play romantic parts. Risë Stevens sings the curate's compositions as well as she does "Carmen." See this one for spiritual uplift as well as good entertainment.

### COVER GIRL—Columbia



Take gals—the same you see on mag covers—music, songs, and dances, roll 'em up in a nice fluffy story and you have "Cover Girl." Rita Hayworth, that red-headed lovely with talent, too, makes the story go round along with Gene Kelly (Brooklyn night club owner who believes you "get there" on your dancing feet), Lee Bowman (Broadway theater magnate who offers our heroine her name in lights as well as his heart), Otto Kruger (publisher of a slick femme mag), Eve Arden (his bright, wise-cracking secretary). Gene Kelly's "Alter-Ego" dance is wonderful! The fifteen cover girls are seen briefly, lavishly. All in Technicolor, too.

### THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER—M-G-M



Irene Dunne in the rôle of a Yankee who marries an English title makes a charming good-will ambassadress in this film based on Alice Duer Miller's poem. The story, covering her life as *Lady Ashwood*, her sorrow in losing both husband and son in the two World Wars, is guaranteed to bring a sob to anyone's throat. It also furthers that understanding you've heard so much about between England and America. The beautifully tender romance that Alan Marshal provides is a welcome respite from the overpowering sadness of the film. Roddy McDowall is a perfect picture of the little "lord."

### THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN—Warner Bros.



We hope this film will start another cycle of biographies since the WB's have done so well by Mark Twain, giving us a picture of the man as well as a good portion of his salty wit, delivered with unassuming grace by Fredric March. He gives a fine portrayal, and with the aid of remarkable make-up looks the part. The story covers his childhood days on the Mississippi, his river boat pilot adventures, California gold prospecting, romance, marriage and literary history. It's not all priceless humor. There are moments of sadness, too. Alexis Smith gives a fine characterization of his wife. Donald Crisp, Alan Hale and William Henry are excellent.

### UNCERTAIN GLORY—Warner Bros.



It may be uncertain glory in this film for *Picard*, a criminal in Vichy Paris, who in a weak moment agrees to claim to be a saboteur in order to free a hundred French hostages. But it is certain glory for Errol Flynn, who plays the rôle with all his well-known dash and verve. It's certain glory for Paul Lukas, detective who brings back his man; and for Jean Sullivan, as the young village girl whose faith in the criminal is a deciding factor in his life. It's touch and go right up to the final scenes where he—but we shouldn't tell you how it ends. See it yourself! (More reviews on page 16)



So big and so wonderful

that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements ahead of the regular runs later in the season!

So Lovable and so LAUGHTER-filled

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

# THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN



Starring  
**FREDRIC MARCH**  
**ALEXIS SMITH**

with  
**DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE**  
C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE  
BILL HENRY • ROBERT BARRAT  
WALTER HAMPDEN • JOYCE REYNOLDS  
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

**JACK L. WARNER**  
Executive Producer  
Produced by  
**JESSE L. LASKY**

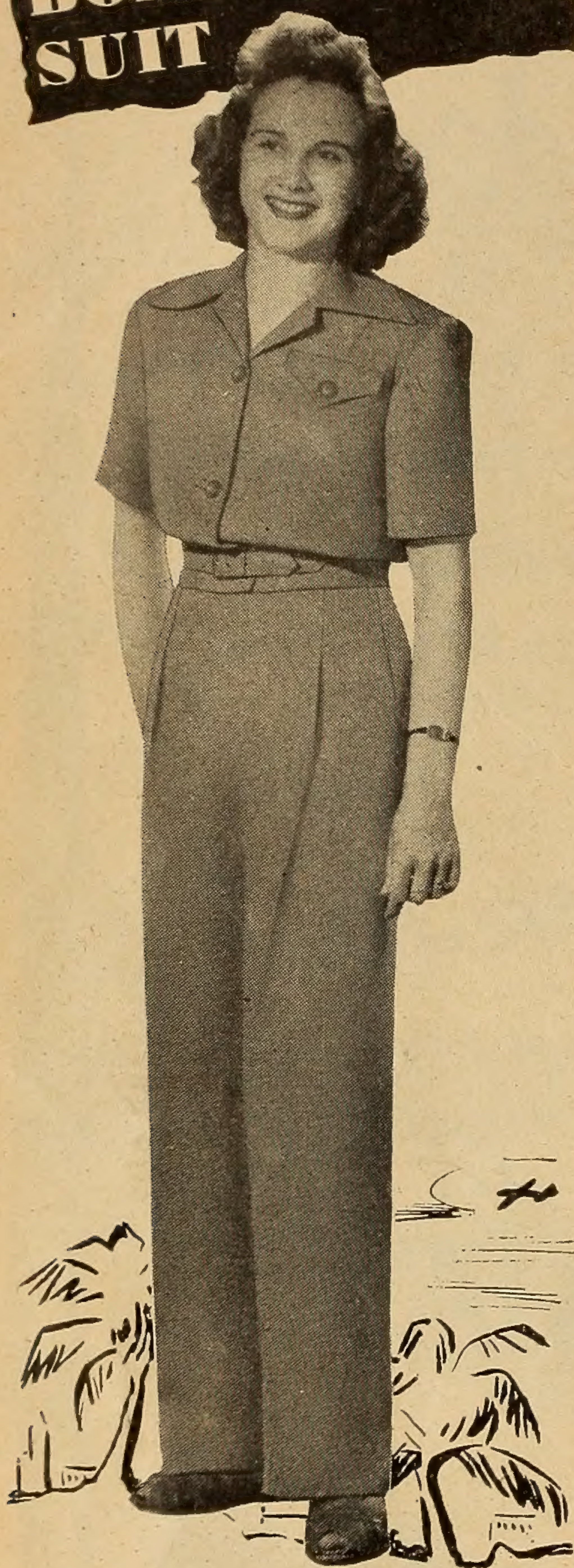
The gold-darndest  
American!

Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.



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HOLLYWOOD LOVES THIS  
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KIM HUNTER Featured in "TENDER COMRADE"

**SUIT**—Borrowed from our bombardiers—by Hollywood's brightest stars. Clever tailored jacket with fitted waist, metal-buckled belt. Crease-resistant gabardine. Sizes 10 to 18.

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(Mark 1st and 2nd Choice)

Sizes: 10 12 14 16 18 (Draw circle around sizes wanted)

Blouse at \$2.50, plus postage.

White ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Gold ☐ Blue ☐ Sizes: 32 34 36 38

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

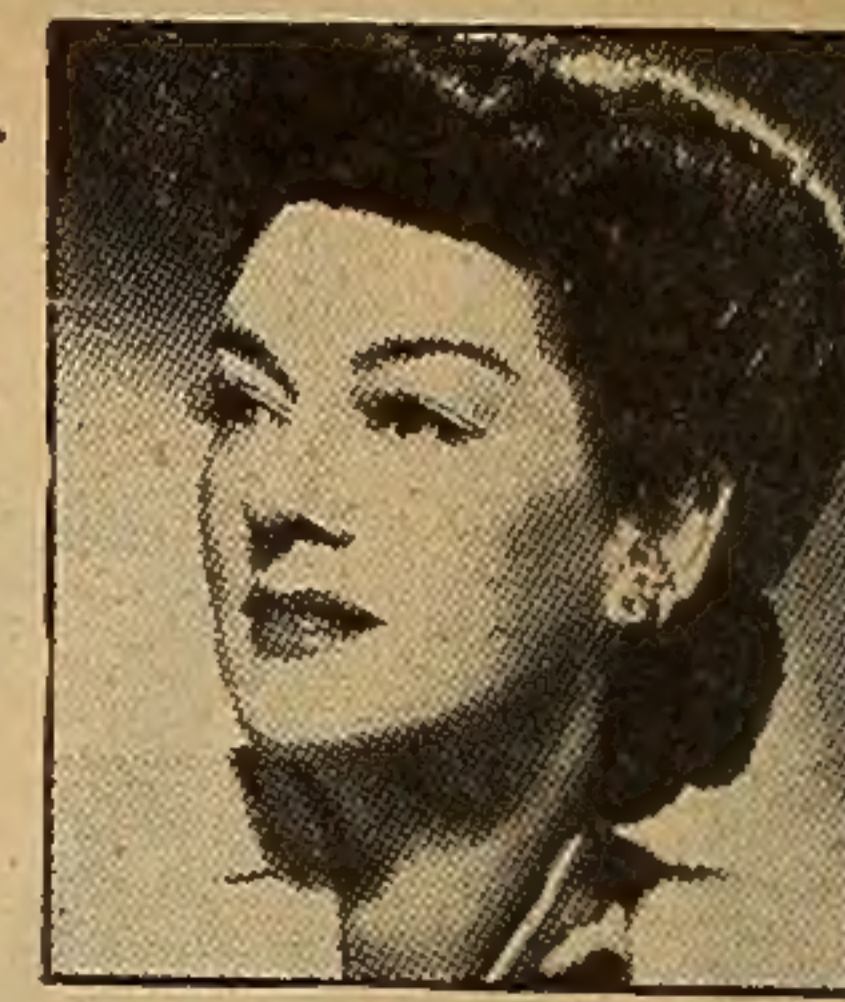
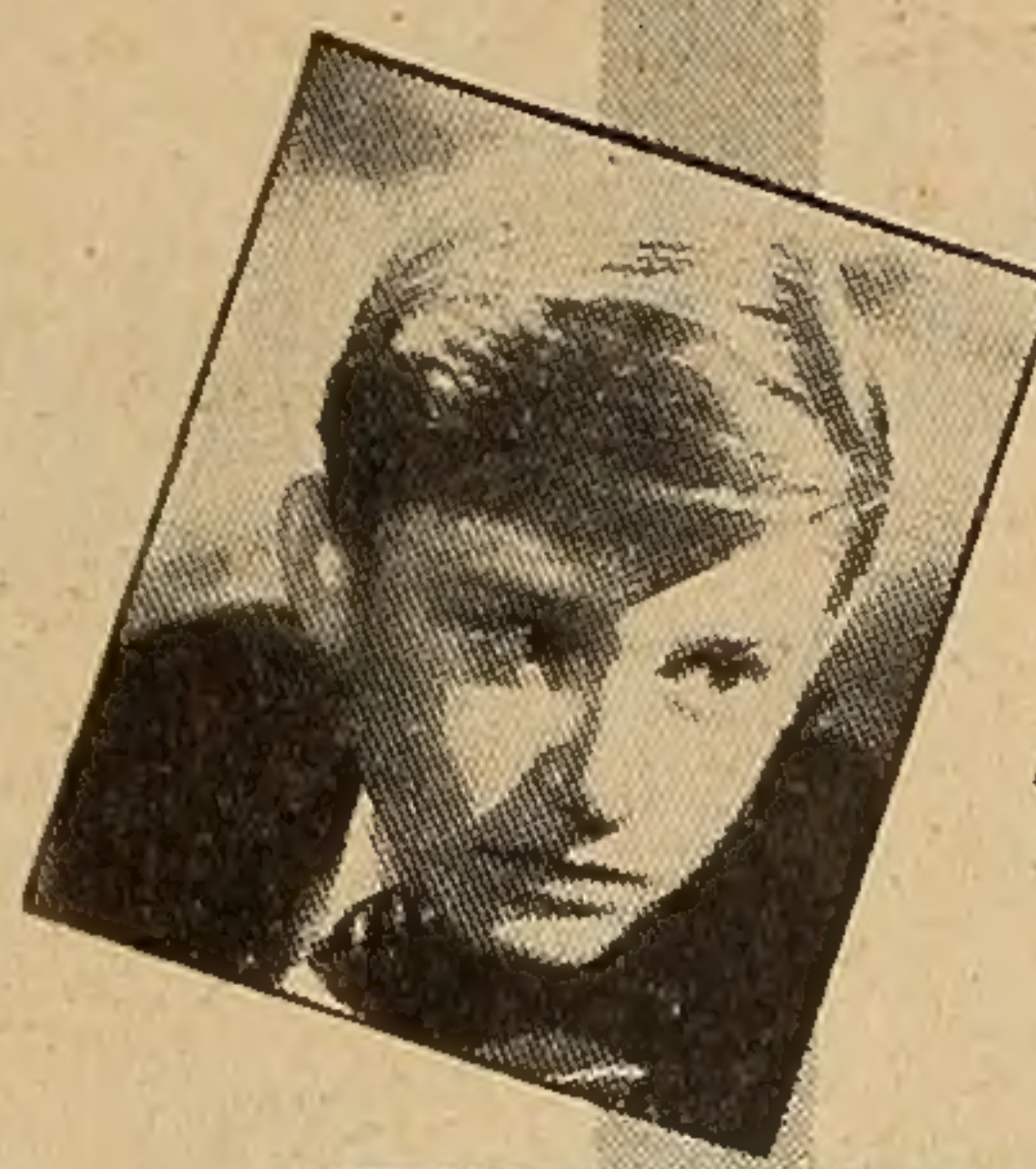
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Send for Free Catalog of new California styles



# Fans' Forum



## FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$10.00

For the past few years, the movies have been playing up the fact that women can compete with men in the business and professional world (take Margaret Sullivan as an M.D. and Roz Russell as a ten per cent Hollywood agent) and do the job as well as any male on two feet.

That's why I'm appealing to the movie industry to "still wield the torch" for those of us who have made our way in the outside world during wartime, but who resent being told that A.V. (After Victory) women should be booted out of industry and back into the kitchen. What are we? Horses, dogs, or oxen that go back to the stable when our usefulness is over? Let's have more pictures of women, out on top in all fields, because, Hollywood, we need your support?

MRS. ADELE EDITH KARMER,  
West Farms 60, N. Y.

## SECOND PRIZE WINNER \$5.00

We had a showing of "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" at our camp, and it was hilarious, judging by the laughter of the audience. In my opinion, it was an excellent comedy, and I had a very enjoyable evening.

One of my soldier buddies sitting near me remarked at the end of the picture: "You know, Eddie Bracken is worse than I am." He meant, of course, Eddie Bracken's stuttering. This fellow, due to some childhood ailment, is a stutterer too, and he was "laughing with tears in his eyes."

If pictures like this make handicapped people forget their own troubles, as this soldier did, I say we should give Hollywood a medal of honor.

CPL. SAMUEL FITCH, Fort Story, Va.

## FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 Each

Stars come and stars go, an endless procession stretching through the years. New starlets are ballyhooed and go all out for leg art; older actors fade into oblivion; stars fall from the top of the ladder and are replaced overnight. So it goes in Hollywood. But one star, one charming actress never wavers. Lovely Claudette Colbert, having once attained the greatest heights of fame, has for years been turning in perfect performances.

Claudette, the ever-charming and gracious

## Say and Sway!

Movies have power to sway the mightiest, and the power behind them is *you*. Let's hear what you have to say about movies in general and stars in particular. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

First Lady of Hollywood, well deserves her title. She has garnered laurels on both stage and screen and has proved herself one of Hollywood's most versatile stars playing a Park Avenue sophisticate, a bedraggled nurse on Bataan or the heroine of a frothy comedy with equal facility.

Her private life is happy and as normal as a screen star's can be. She especially deserves credit for never having allowed a single breath of scandal to touch her in all the years she has remained America's favorite. She is not only a beautiful woman and a fine actress, but a real lady, of which there are all too few.

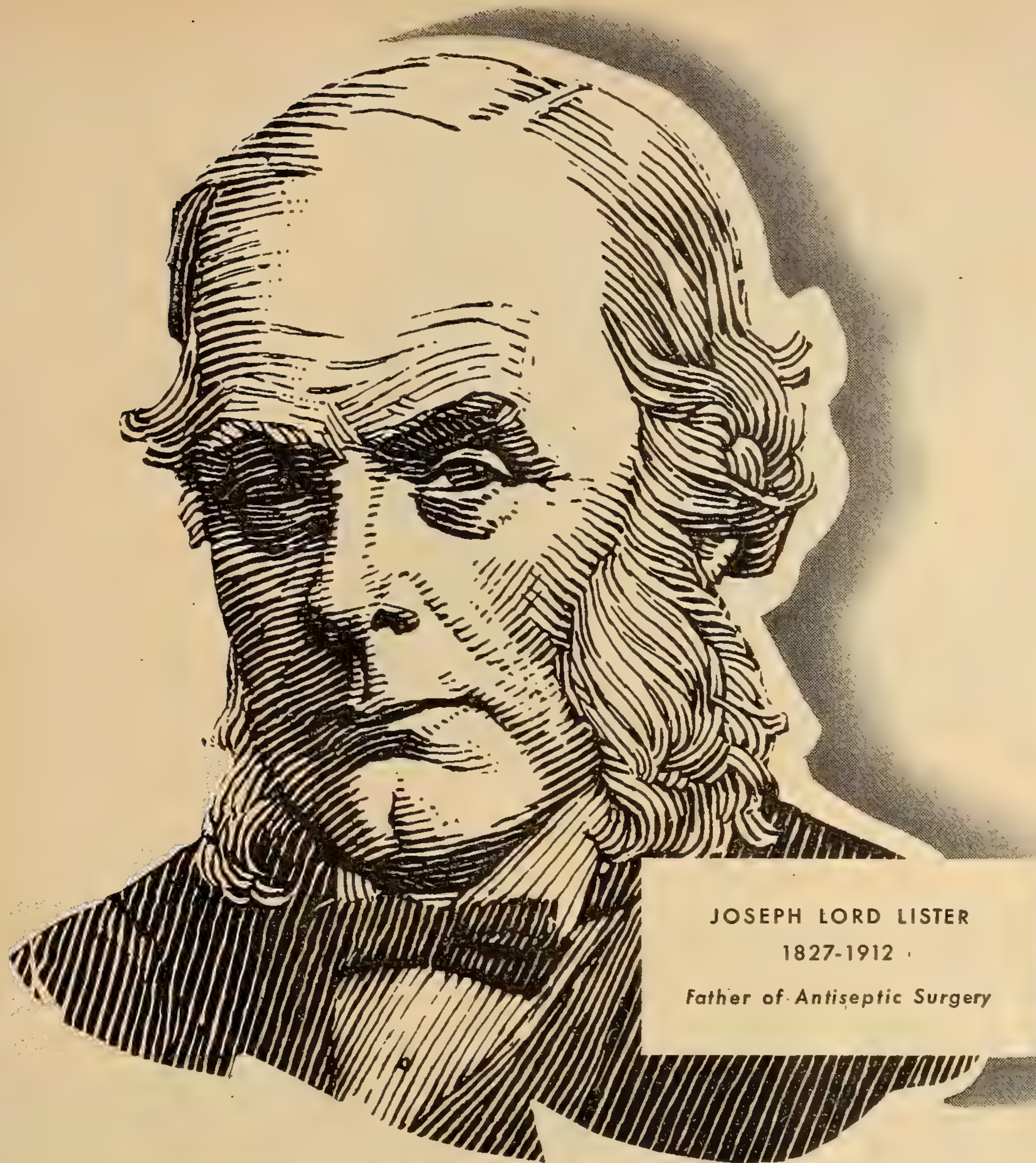
REBECCA SHOCKLEY, Snow Hill, Md.

Most of the movie magazines remind me of the sound a record makes when the needle is stuck in a crack—over and over again we hear the same old refrain: "Montez and Aumont are married. Turner has a tot. Flynn is still in trouble. Frank Sinatra's hot—" and so it goes on, the news of a certain chosen clan, *ad infinitum*.

Now, I'm not complaining—remember that! It's just that other fans are "haves" and I'm a "have-not" in this situation. I have a favorite star of my own and I'm tired of hunting with a microscope through the mags for a line or two of news about him. It's not as if Lloyd Nolan were a newcomer; he's been a consistent winner for years. But is that any reason for you to ignore him?

His magnificent performance in "Guadalcanal Diary" sold me bonds, regular appointments at the Blood Bank, hundreds of (Please turn to page 14)





JOSEPH LORD LISTER

1827-1912

Father of Antiseptic Surgery

## AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD...

*"As an instrument in God's hands, Lister has wrought more for the relief of suffering, for the security of life, for the prevention of anxiety, and for the promotion of happiness, than any one man who has ever trod this earth." So spoke one of Lister's associates, a doctor of international fame.*

ALMOST alone and single-handed this great, good man, the "father of antiseptic surgery," brought health and life out of a morass of suffering and death.

But for his unshakeable faith in a "fantastic" theory, initiated by the immortal Pasteur, and his tireless efforts to prove its truth in the face of derision and mockery, the fatalities of today, both civilian and military, might reach appalling proportions.

For it was Lister's fierce conviction that fatal infections were caused, not by atmospheric changes or mysterious conditions set up by the wound itself, but by the

definite tiny germs carried by the air into the wound. The world laughed at him.

And it was Lister, using the crudest kind of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, who proved that by killing or controlling these germs in sufficient numbers at every stage—before, during and after an operation—Death could often be averted.

Though all England rang with his fame as a surgeon, it was years before hostile critics accepted his practical life-giving methods, the simple essence of which was absolute cleanliness.

It was for this benefactor of mankind that Listerine Antiseptic was named. Today, as in its early years, it is recognized as a dependable and delightful antiseptic, providing rapid germ-killing and complete safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.



BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions, you may not be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in its original size. Most drug counters will, however, have it available in some size.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

SCREENLAND





SCREENLAND'S Executive Vice President, Homer Rockwell, was guest at dinner party given by The Masquers for the Fourth Fighter Command of the Los Angeles Area. Shirley Temple, standing beside Edward Earle, Director of The Masquers, was the charming hostess.

### Fans' Forum

Continued from page 10

Nurse's Aide hours. Didn't it sell you writers even one story on Lloyd, his wife, his kids?

I don't mind the cracks in the records, but

I'm pleading for a new rut—one that stops on my wonderful, talented Irish sweetheart, Lloyd Nolan!

JEAN SHEPARD, Berkeley 4, Calif.

Recently in an article I read that Roddy McDowall is now anxious to learn how to sing and jive—if I recall it right. Never-

theless, may the day never come when we see Roddy starring in some light comedy, cutting the rug or singing a song like "Murder, He Says!" Why not leave this different type of talent to Mickey Rooney or Donald O'Connor? It hasn't happened yet, but I fear it will someday. I am waiting for "The White Cliffs Of Dover" anxiously; and some more pictures revolving around *Flicka* or *Lassie* would be very welcome, not only to me but to thousands of McDowall fans in the armed forces as well. If you, dear producer, just remember Roddy's *Hugh* of "How Green Was My Valley," *Ronnie* of "The Pied-Piper" or *Joe* of "Lassie Come Home," or if you have ever found yourself between two mothers during one of Roddy's performances, then you will understand, undoubtedly, what I am trying to say. Please give us more moving, dramatic pictures with Roddy McDowall and above all, try not to forget that he is not a Donald or a Mickey. You will find us soldiers standing in line at the theater more patiently and longer than we have ever stood in any chow-line.

CPL. HANS BOCHNER

Camp Patrick Henry, Newport News, Va.

I know you have received numerous letters regarding the "rights and wrongs" of war pictures depicting the various branches of services. Every service seems to have had at least three pictures, all with the same story in mind, and it was really refreshing to see a new type in "The Fighting Seabees." This picture shows how this group of fighting men originated and what they have done and are continuously doing to further our American way of living. John Wayne played the kind of rôle that every girl, no matter whether 16 or 60, hopes that her husband, son, or boy friend is experiencing under actual war conditions.

By this I mean he was permitted to make mistakes. While part of the story was fan-

# IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the

## W A C

### IRRESISTIBLE *air whipt* FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true, longer-lasting... a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Try Skintone, for that new AIR-WHIPT, look-alive look!

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

STAYS ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME





tastic, for instance, where the bulldozer pushed the tank off the cliff, which we all know could not happen actually—John Wayne died a hero in the sight of all audiences. He reflected the real spirit of all American and Allied fighting men in that they have to make decisions on the spur of the moment whether afterwards they prove to have been wise or not.

Here's hoping movie-goers will be able to see more actors as "real true-to-life heroes" than "movie heroes" in future pictures.

**MARGIE HURT, Fort Worth 3, Tex.**

I had fair warning from the reviews that "Jack London" placed most of its emphasis on London's unheeded warnings against the Japanese. But I guess I'm just an old optimist, because, in spite of the reviews, I went to the movie with high expectations and a definite thrill that one of my favorite people was coming to life on the screen!

My expectations were dashed. My thrill turned to chagrin. How could they do it? How could they make such a hash of it? How could they take that rich, adventurous, powerful life and make a dead, dreary flop of a sermon of it?

Propaganda is all right—in its place. So is "I told you so," but to go on and on and on with an interminable preachment that still says nothing more than "I told you so" is folly. It killed the picture. The *Jack London* who walked heavily, woodenly, lifelessly through that picture was not my Jack London, the lusty, vital, living man of action as well as words! It was London's living—his free, courageous living—that made his words so beautiful and so compelling.

His vital, fiery spirit was left out of the picture. So the fact that he warned us against Japan became, not a strong lesson standing out in bold relief against the background of a strong man's life, but a morbid harrowing up of regrets.

We all know that we had warnings—plenty of them—against the coming of the present conflict. We all regret that the warnings went unheeded. But, who was it that said that regret is only good for wallowing in, and no good for building on? Should we wallow in our regret? Or should we use it as a springboard to victory? There's no question as to what Jack London would answer to that!

**JUNE BARR, Oak Ridge, Tenn.**



Humphrey Bogart should feel right at home here! He's walking down the main street of Casablanca with Mayo and Lt. Bruce Cabot.

## Half a minute with Mum...



and your charm is safe for hours—through busy day or dancing date. Use Mum every day, after every bath... Mum's quick!

## prevents risk of underarm odor



Mum works instantly—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing risk of underarm odor. Mum's sure!

## keeps you nice to be near!



**Y**OU TRY new ways to enhance your appeal! The glamour of a smart hair-do—the lure of frills and ruffles.

But even these clever tricks can fail if daintiness is lost—if the tiniest trace of underarm odor tells on you.

So keep dainty this quick, sure way... use Mum! Even the most refreshing bath simply removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor!

And Mum's easy to use! It smooths

on with just a touch of your fingertips... even after you're dressed. For Mum's safe for fine fabrics, safe for your skin. Let Mum make *your* daintiness sure!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important use.

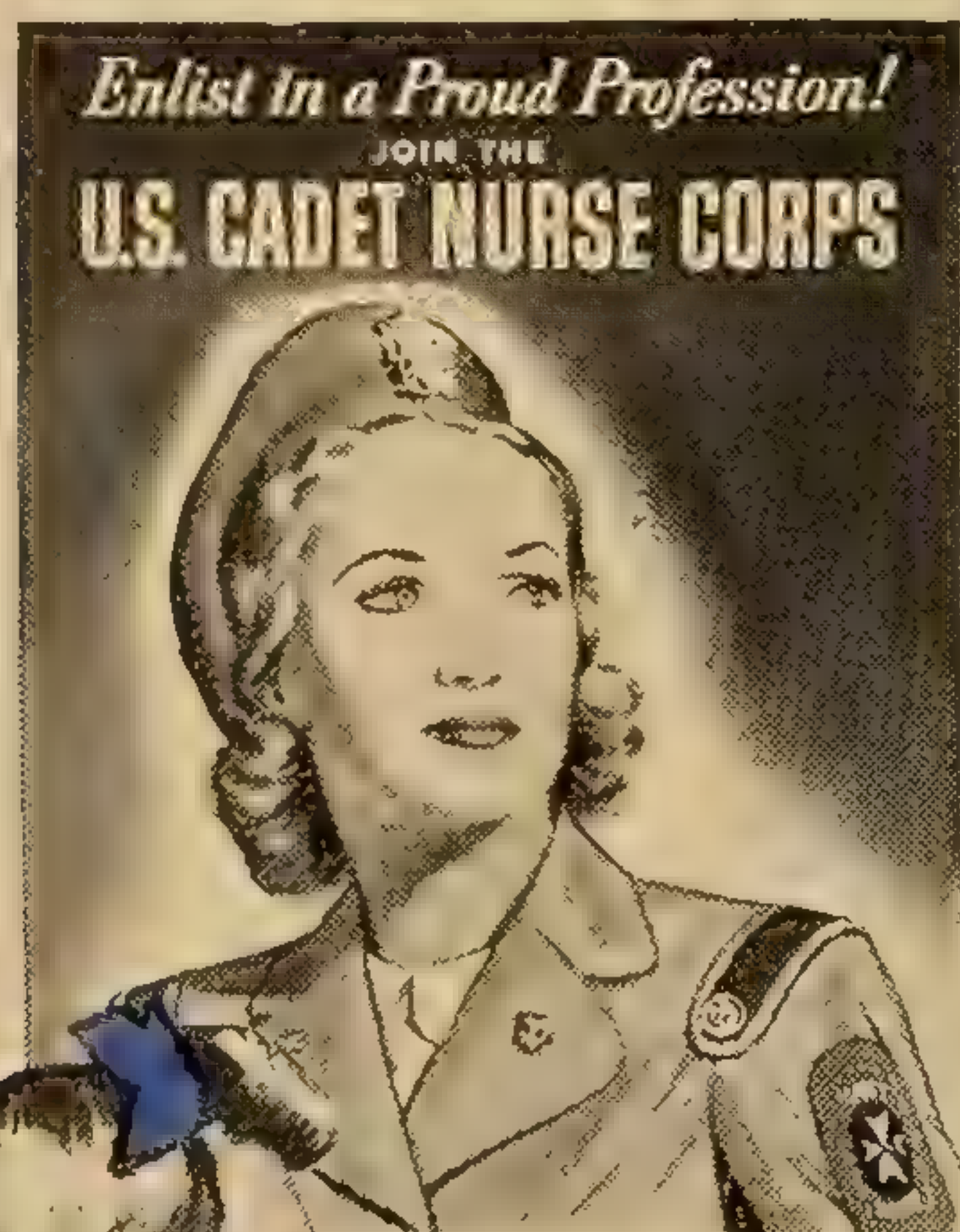
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# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



*Here's the kind of important career every girl graduate dreams about!*



SERVE YOUR COUNTRY NOW IN THE

## U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS

YOU and 65,000 high school graduates, from 17 to 35, are needed to replace nurses who are in the Service! Joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is your chance to prove your patriotism... your chance for a career education at no cost to you. With pay, besides!

### All this—and a fascinating future, too!

The nursing school you select will provide you with free tuition, room, board, books, laundry, smart new uniforms. Plus a cash allowance monthly! And ample time out for social life.

When you graduate, you may choose a career in a civilian hospital, or in public health. Your lifetime job may be in one of *many* specialized nursing fields!

### What to do

Ask at your local hospital about the Cadet Nurse Corps. Or write U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

Today, start serving your country—establishing your future—with the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps of the U. S. Public Health Service!

### *See if you pass this test!*

- Are you between 17\* and 35 years of age?
- Are you in good health?
- Have you graduated from an accredited high school with satisfactory grades, or have you had some college education?
- Are you interested in people?
- Are you interested in science?
- Have you a sense of humor?
- Have you an orderly mind?
- Are you neat?
- Are you deft with your hands?
- Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?

\*Minimum age requirement in some nursing schools is 18.



Published in the interest of the war effort by the distributors of Kotex\* sanitary napkins

We take pride in being able to bring this message to high school graduates. And we take pride, too, that Kotex is helping women in war plants, in the Services, in professional life, to keep going—in comfort.

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Your Guide to Current Films



### FOLLOW THE BOYS—Universal

A big, star-studded show with every kind of act for every taste, from Orson Welles in his magic act with Marlene Dietrich, to Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan. It's another "Stage Door Canteen" in its variety of big-time acts, but there the resemblance ends. Old-fashioned story presents George Raft as a vaudeville hoofer who crashes movies by capturing Vera Zorina's fancy. As a team they're terrific (the script says) until the war, when Raft takes on an entertainment job for Hollywood Victory Committee after his draft board has turned him down. So far so good, but where have the scripters been all this time to rush lovely Zorina into hiding because of an impending visit from Sir Stork? Haven't they heard of Hollywood's proud glamor mamas? Anyway, there's always another big act to amuse you—such as Jeanette MacDonald singing "Dreams"; or Dinah Shore cheering up camp audiences with sultry rhythms.



### FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP—20th Century-Fox

Based on the actual experiences of Carole Landis, Martha Raye, Kay Francis, and Mitzi Mayfair in their USO tour of overseas military camps, this is a sprightly show with music. The Four Jills—Carole for glamor, Martha for broad comedy, Kay for sweet dignity, Mitzi for fast stepping—prove a credit to their profession as they perform under fire, pitch in to help with the nursing, and put aside personal comfort. They snatch romance on the wing—Mitzi with Dick Haymes (nice, clean-cut Sinatra threat with splendid voice), Carole with John Harvey. Added numbers by Alice Faye, Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda.



### MY BEST GIRL—Republic

This film musical about show business has a novel idea. The heroine, Jane Withers in her first adult rôle with eight love scenes, doesn't want to go on the stage, though she can dance and sing like a lark. Love changes her mind—in this case it's Jimmy Lydon as the boy who is in search of a producer for the musical he's written to feature his gang of talented friends. Jane puts over new songs and old-timer, "Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider," with Frank Craven.





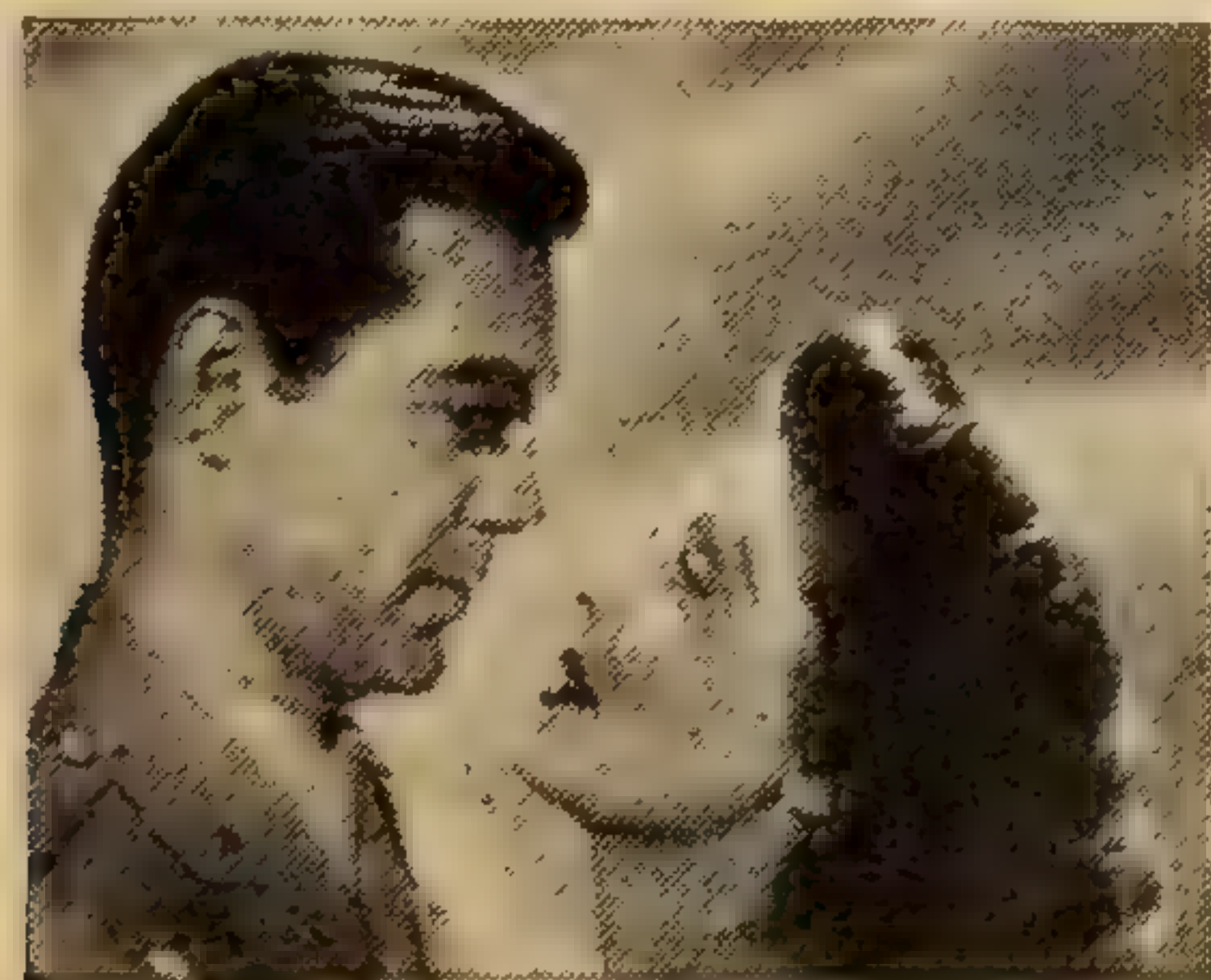
**SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON—Warner Bros.**

It's probably true vaudeville is dead, but we all like to think about the good old "Big Time." So the WB's reminisce in this film about two of vaudeville's headliners, Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, played by Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan. The story is suspiciously like others you've seen about show business—their act is broken up when one is blackballed and the other finds he can't go on without her—but nevertheless it still draws the sympathy it always has. It's the beloved old songs. You'll still enjoy hearing them. Jack Carson and Marie Wilson sing a new comedy tune, "So Dumb But So Beautiful," that's a lulu for our money.



**KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY—  
United Artists Release**

Corrupt politics in 1650 New Amsterdam (now known as New York) comes in for a lot of good clean ribbing in this film version of Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill Broadway musical hit. It's all in fun—and what fun! Nelson Eddy lends his splendid voice to the hero's rôle, the honest printer who is "taken in" by the sly scheming of the new Dutch Governor, *Peter Stuyvesant*, (Charles Coburn). Both are "taken in" by the charm of the heroine, daughter of the chief councilman who makes his dough on the side selling whiskey and firearms to the Indians. Constance Dowling is lovely in the feminine lead, and her dulcet tones are pleasing. Musical score is tops.



**LADIES COURAGEOUS—Universal**

The first film about the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron proves the ladies courageous, but it also reaches out a little too far in another direction and shows too many feminine frailties. As a result, the story, covering too much territory, has a disjointed effect. Only Loretta Young, as the squadron leader struggling for Army recognition of their service, seems to be free from foibles. Geraldine Fitzgerald plays her sister, ex-playgirl who grandstands herself out of the service. Diana Barrymore is a standout as a trouble-maker who falls in love with another WAFFS's husband (Kane Richmond). Phillip Terry registers nicely in brief romantic scenes. June Vincent and Anne Gwynne are fine.



*"He Loves me!"—Thank you,*

**Evening in Paris Face Powder—**

**You Helped me Win his Heart..."**

AH, TRULY, Evening in Paris is a face powder to inspire Romance! Its sheer-velvet texture touches the skin with dream-lovely color... its haunting perfume belongs only to Evening in Paris. Choose the exquisite face powder which breathes Romance... silken-soft, colorful Evening in Paris. And when he murmurs, "I love you"... then you'll know why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier... Evening in Paris face powder!"

Tune in "Here's to Romance,"  
a sparkling musical revue, with  
Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's  
Orchestra—Thursday eve-  
nings, Columbia Network.

*Evening in Paris*

face powder

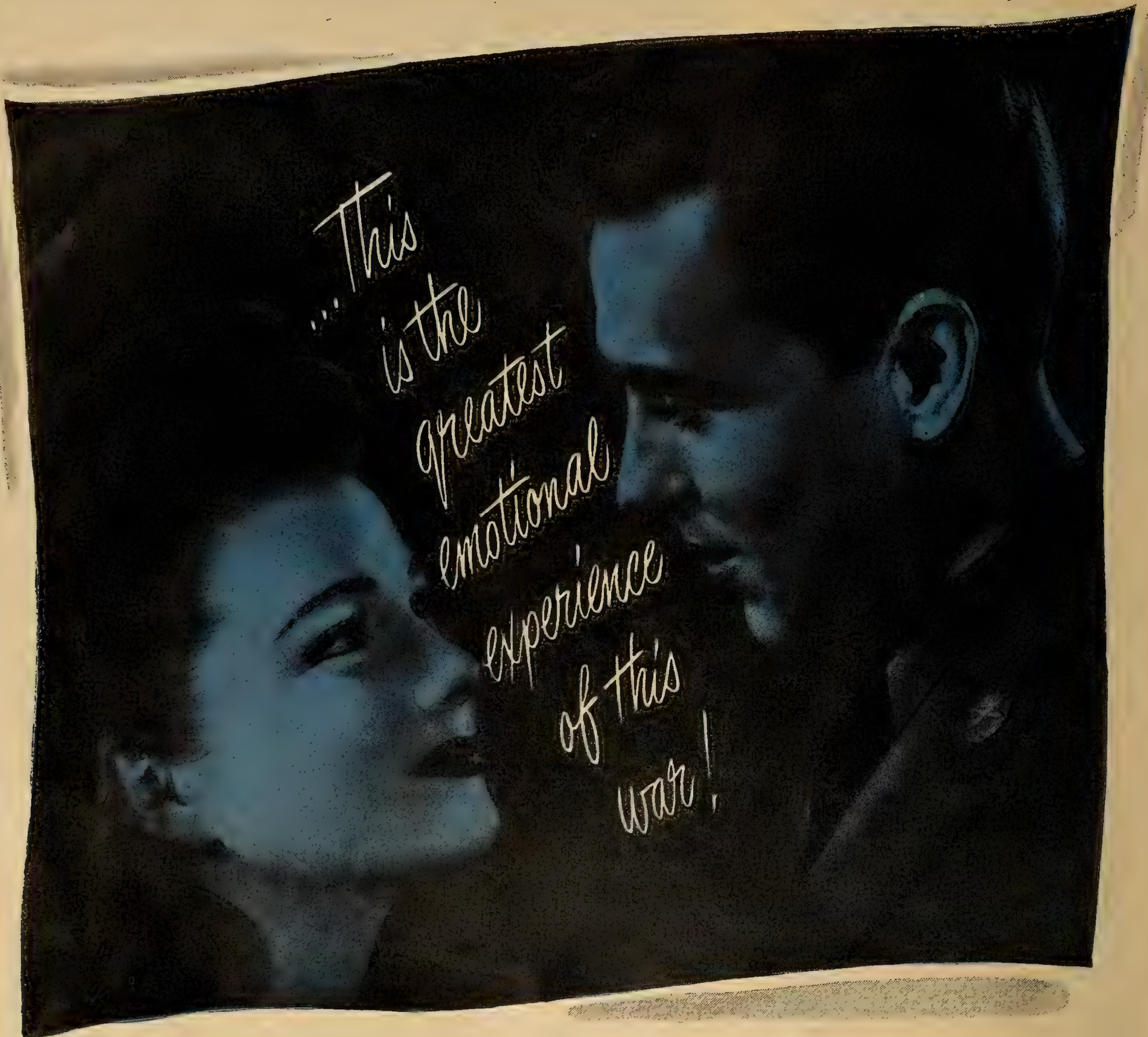


Face Powder, \$1.00  
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(All prices plus tax)

**BOURJOIS**  
NEW YORK



THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!



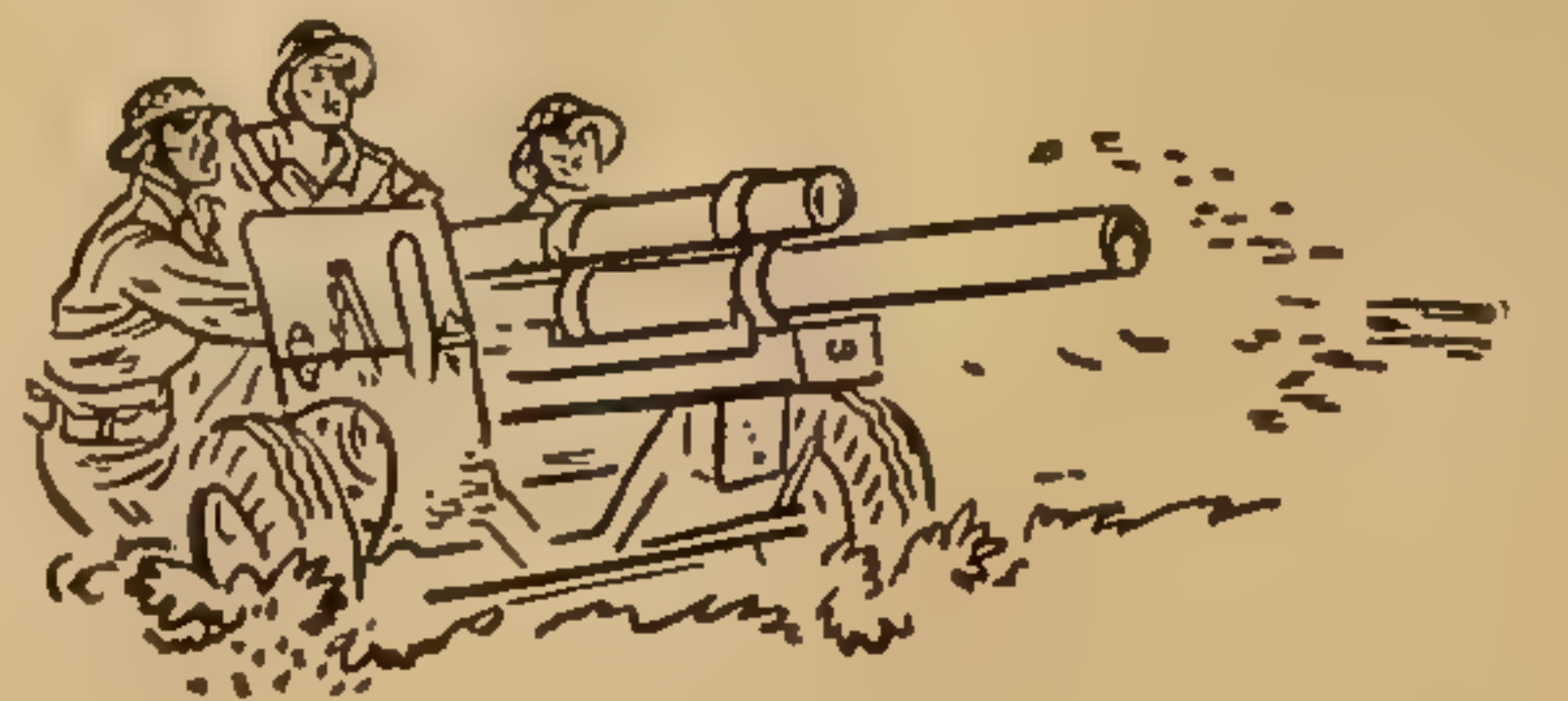
20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

# THE EVE OF ST. MARK

with ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTHER  
MICHAEL O'SHEA

VINCENT PRICE • RUTH NELSON • RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton





# The Editor's Page



AN OPEN LETTER  
TO THE WINNER  
(JENNIFER JONES)  
AND A GOOD LOSER  
(INGRID BERGMAN)



Happy winner of Academy Award for Best Actress goes to the David O. Selznick discovery, Jennifer Jones, left, for "The Song Of Bernadette." Above, good loser Ingrid Bergman with the winner.

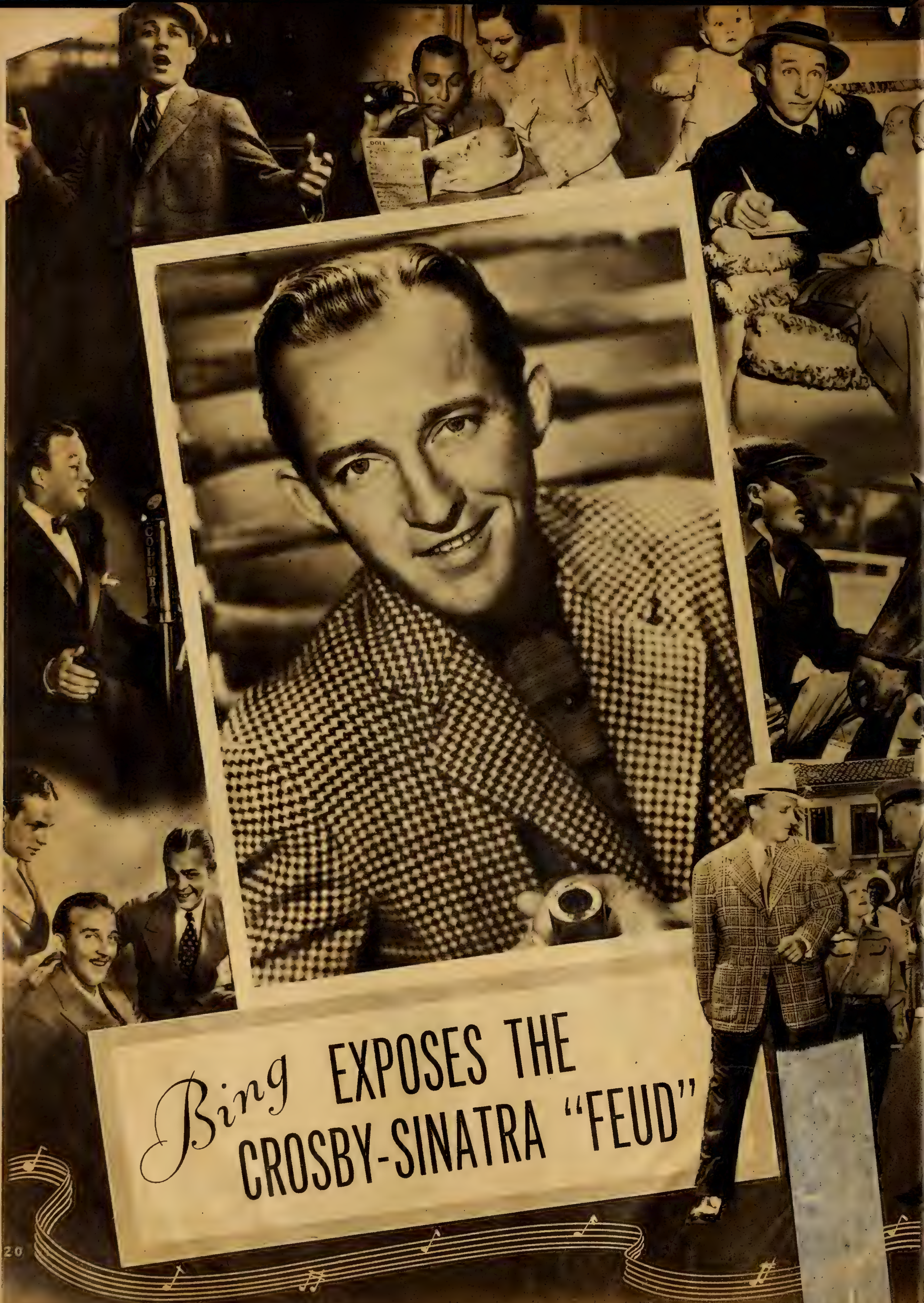
CONGRATULATIONS, Miss Jennifer Jones, on winning Hollywood's most prized award for your first motion picture performance in "The Song Of Bernadette." It was a deeply stirring performance, and you did it so well, Miss Jones; and it's good to see you, as pictured here, so frankly thrilled by the victory and even a little humble about it.

Now don't mind my saying, will you, that you're a lucky girl? Think of it, and I know you are—winning your first Oscar for your very first picture! Paul Lukas had to wait years for his award. Other fine performers are still waiting, and more have long since given up even

hoping. It might have occurred to Ingrid Bergman that, if Miss Jennifer Jones hadn't come along in "The Song Of Bernadette," it might have been she, Ingrid, up there acknowledging *her* Oscar instead. But there's no argument there. Miss Bergman's Oscar is only postponed, that's all. She'll get it for "Gaslight," or for "Saratoga Trunk," or some future Bergman masterpiece. Because a girl who can grin so gamely when she loses just can't help winning.

Delight Evans





*Bing* EXPOSES THE  
CROSBY-SINATRA "FEUD"





**The Crooner writes an Open Letter to the Editor, and answers those questions you've been asking about him and — you know who**

**DEAR DELIGHT:**

After reading your "Open Letter" to me, I hardly knew what to say. That I thought it was swell, goes without saying. But you really make me feel rather humble and undeserving along with it. You've been so wonderful to me down through the years—so loyal and understanding that I feel it is about time I took a few minutes off to write and thank you for your friendship and to try to explain some of the things you have commented upon from time to time and which your writers have asked me about.

Personally, I think all this hubbub that is being stirred up over Frank Sinatra and me is stupid and silly to the point of inanity. Things like that breed first-class feuds, where there is no occasion for hard feelings at all. If there were only room for one of us I might feel differently, but in a business—or, rather, two businesses—as vast as pictures and radio there is certainly no occasion for one performer to be jealous of another's success.

I can't say that Frankie is one of my intimate friends. You know how Hollywood is. Unless you're free-lancing where you get around to all the studios and meet everybody in the business or unless you're working at the same studio you don't get much chance to meet newcomers. However, I *have* met Frank, and I like and admire him. I realize what a hair's breadth divides success and failure (didn't I almost starve when I first came out here while I was trying and hoping for a break?) and every time I see or hear Frankie, or any other kid who is trying to crash the portals to success, I think "There, but for the Grace of God, go I."

I can't understand established players who try to see how tough they can make it for someone who is just breaking in. Fortunately, Frankie is so firmly established there is nothing I or anyone except his sponsors and his song writers can do for him. But if there *were* anything I could do I would certainly do it. No one is more sincerely happy over his success than I am.

Getting back to this so-called "storm" that is raging over us, I think it silly, because, to use an old bromide, "It's difference of opinion that makes horse-racing." Some people prefer Sinatra, which is their privilege, and if I am lucky enough to have some prefer me—well, that's my good fortune.

Now, for some of the other things you've commented upon on your Editor's Page: You have probably read I was awarded (?) third prize by the Hollywood Women's Press Club for being the third most un-cooperative male star in the business. I must be slipping, because two years ago I ran second, and in better company, too—Astaire and Colman. I can't say with any degree of veracity that I actually *resented* their decision, but it hurt a little. I don't *want* to be un-cooperative and I don't *mean* to be. It's only that in these parlous times none of us has very much time to himself.

We play camp shows and benefits on every possible occasion. We'd be slackers if we didn't. There is a radio show to be written every week, rehearsed, and put on.

When Hope and I make a picture together the set is a madhouse. The public has come to expect a certain formula from us and we try to give it to them. The script writers give us a story but Hope, the director, the writers, and I are constantly working on it between takes, trying to think up funny gags or trying to adapt it to our personalities. Sometimes a scene *reads* all right so we rehearse it and then shoot it. Then we discover that, somehow, it just doesn't jell. So we go into a huddle and sometimes spend a whole morning or afternoon or even an entire day (Please turn to page 71)

Checking up on Crosby: facing page, highlights of his career from the time he first hit Hollywood and of his family life, from the arrival of his first son, Gary, until today, when he ushers the eldest Crosby kid through the Paramount Studio gate. On this page, Crosby in his latest characterization—that of Father O'Malley in "Going My Way," in which Risë Stevens, Metropolitan Opera Star, appears with him.



**And now turn the page for the latest on Sinatra!**





Sinatra is a very busy boy these days. Making his new RKO movie, "Manhattan Serenade," is just one of many chores. Radio shows have included appearances with Marilyn Maxwell, clowning with Frank at left, and Miriam Hopkins. At the studio he is popular with all his co-workers—not only the eager beauties shown with him below.



## Call him "Mister Sinatra" from now on!

The bobby socks brigade better treat "Frankie" with more respect by his hard work, genuine charm, and real talent. He has proved himself more than a freak performer. Star make a bow!







JANE WYMAN, popular Warner player, will next be seen in "Make Your Own Bed," playing opposite Jack Carson.

IRENE MANNING, the singing sensation of "The Desert Song," lends her talents to "Shine On, Harvest Moon."



PAUL HENREID, famed for his two-on-a-match scene with Bette Davis, appears in "Devotion," with Ida Lupino.

ERROL FLYNN'S latest starring picture for Warner Bros. is "Uncertain Glory," with Faye Emerson in rôle opposite.







Be among the first to meet this newcomer, a man who may set a new standard in movie actors

# Introducing GREGORY PECK

By Jack Holland

Below, Gregory Peck's first picture: "Days Of Glory," opposite Tumanova, for RKO. Next, 20th Century-Fox presents him as *Father Chisholm* in "Keys Of The Kingdom," the A. J. Cronin best-seller.



FOR a gent who has been in Hollywood only a short time, Gregory Peck is doing all right. When he was cast in the lead in one of Hollywood's most unusual pictures, "Days Of Glory," there was a faint ripple of interest. But when he was assigned the coveted rôle of *Father Chisholm* in the forthcoming "Keys Of The Kingdom," Hollywood took off its sun glasses, looked at Mr. Peck more closely, nodded its head, and decided that here was someone worth watching.

Gregory Peck has achieved prominence in rapid fashion, especially for a newcomer who has never been seen in a picture as yet and who never had a hit show on Broadway, despite his extensive stage work. His success here is notable for the complete reversal of the accepted Hollywood formula for stardom. (1) He is not the handsome leading man—let's say he has the rugged, chiseled features of a guy who looks as though he didn't know what grease paint was; (2) No effort is being made to make him look handsome via make-up; (3) He is not being cast opposite an established screen star as is the usual case—his co-star in (Please turn to page 62)







"A big advantage we Cadet Nurses have is that the course in most schools has been stepped up . . . twenty-four to thirty months, where it used to take three years. If you are still in training when the war ends—and if you have at that time been enrolled for 90 days—you get your full course just the same."



"The Cadet uniform is so smart! It's for outdoor wear, and I don't think there's a better looking one in the women's services; but I'm glad it's optional. It is nice to get into an honest-to-goodness dress now and then to remind yourself, and the boys, that you're a girl after all."



"Of course, I want to get married; but being a nurse doesn't mean that I can't. There are lots of chances to meet nice men, and there's free time so we can have dates. In many schools, a girl can marry while she's still a student."



"Nursing's the war job with a future! There are so many opportunities—as an Army or Navy nurse, a public health or industrial health nurse, in child care, orthopedics, psychiatric nursing . . ."



*"I signed up the very week I graduated"*

"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year . . . the U. S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms—all are free . . . and we get a monthly allowance besides."

Free training with pay in the



**U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS**



"I like my school—the work is so fascinating, it's such a comfortable, pleasant place—and the girls are fun. You're allowed to choose your own nursing school, you know, just as though you were going to college."



"It's a nice feeling for a girl to know that she's doing her part in the war, for even a student nurse is soon able to help release nurses for other war service. I love children, and can't wait to help with the new babies."



"Our allowance keeps me in spending money very nicely. It starts at \$15 a month, then jumps to \$20 after nine months, and it's at least \$30 after twenty-one months."



Can you qualify? Are you between 17\* and 35? High school graduate or college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Then mail the coupon today. \*Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

### Mail coupon for FREE booklet . . .

giving information about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

P. S.—You girls who are entering your Senior Class in high school next fall are eligible to become Cadet Nurse Pledges if you qualify. Mail the coupon.



U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps,  
Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.  
Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age \_\_\_\_\_ High school graduate? \_\_\_\_\_

Graduation date \_\_\_\_\_

High school graduate this June? \_\_\_\_\_

High school senior next fall? \_\_\_\_\_

Present occupation, if any \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# "MY DAUGHTER JOAN"

**By her father**

**As told to  
Tamara Andreeva**



**Ask Pop, he knows! And  
Joan Leslie's proud father  
lets you in on some family  
secrets for the first time**





Looking like the spirit of Spring, Joan proves to be just that in her family circle, as well as on the screen in such Warner epics as "Rhapsody In Blue"—first stills, at right, and left below. Facing page shows Joan with her father, who tells her story here, and with both devoted parents.

**I** DO NOT pretend to be a model father. As fathers go, I'm just in luck. I have three fine daughters, and in my youngest, Joan, I have realized all my own youthful ambitions, have seen her become what I had wanted to become and didn't. (The closest I ever came to acting was appearing in a play called "Falsely Accused," in which I portrayed a disreputable old man named *Blinky Brown*. I was eighteen at the time.)

Many times I've been asked if Joan had inherited her talent from me, from her mother, or from our mixed English and Irish ancestry. It is hard to tell. As for my ancestry, you be the judge: my mother was born in Virginia, and my father was born on St. Patrick's day. But wherever Joanie got her talent, she had it, all right, from the moment she was able to toddle and talk.

She was a precocious child—began to walk at the age of eight months, and talk perfectly at the age of one—and she asked a lot of questions even then. Every night, at bedtime, she demanded a new story. And it *had* to be a new one—you could not fool Joan since she was a year and a half old. Of course that led to complications for me: I ran out of characters. In a pinch I could always refer to a mythical uncle named Uncle Matt in whose existence Joanie believed until she was sixteen. Uncle Matt was supposed to have traveled from France to China and have had a number of horrendous adventures. Every time a train whistle sounded in the distance, I would say to Joanie: "There goes Uncle Matt!" But there was a limit even to what Uncle Matt could do. I racked my brain for new ideas, and then one day I lit on the idea of telling her about far-away places. I started with the Fiji Islands. I did not know whether rubber

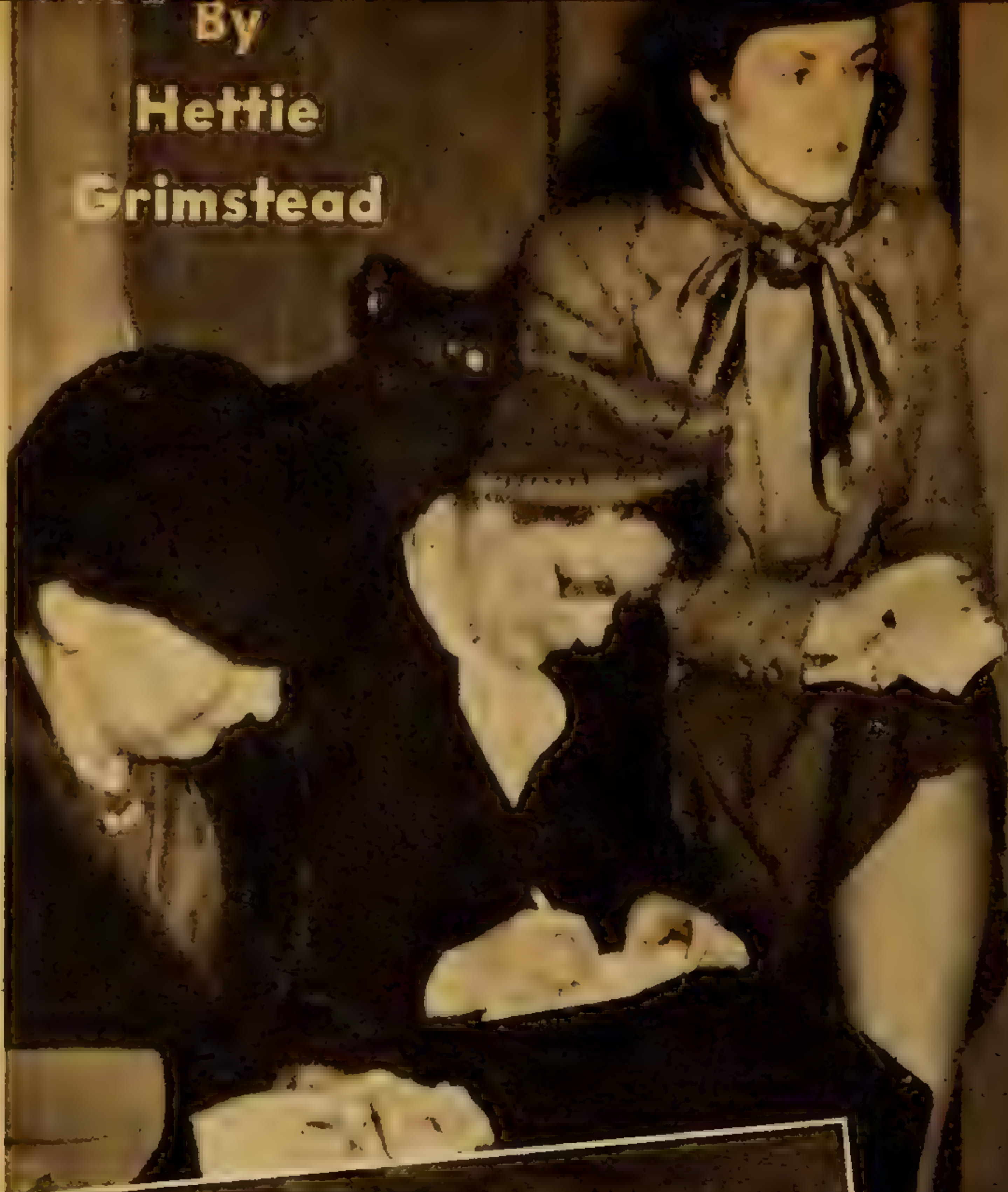
trees grew there—anyway, I put them there. The Fiji Islanders, whom I called Fijis for short, were picturesque natives with crossbones in their bushy hair, and short spears which they wore handily right in their upper lip. They used both spears and huge trumpetlike rifles (something like Bob Burns' bazooka) from which they shot chains at their enemies; naturally, in this fashion, they did not have to bother about tying the prisoners: they were automatically *chained* together! Another cute trick the Fijis had was tying huge blocks of soft rubber to their feet. Whenever they had to cross a stream or get atop a tree, they just jumped up and down until the resilient rubber finally sent them sailing up and across all kinds of obstacles—something on the order of Superman.

The Fijis lasted through three winters, but by then Joanie began to tire of them and demand new stories. I invented new characters, and new locales; some of them I thought purely imaginary like the Oke Fenokee Swamp. It was quite a serviceable swamp—I could people it with elves and fairies when telling a story, and whenever Joanie looked like she might get temperamental, I threatened to send her there. Great was my embarrassment and the children's disbelief when, (Please turn to page 84)





By  
Hettie  
Grimstead



## STEWART ISN'T SHY ANY MORE!

**Closeup of Captain James Stewart as he is today**

**T**HEY SAY war does strange things to people's personalities and certainly it does seem to have wrought something approaching a minor miracle in the case of James Stewart. In the halcyon days of peace, the boyish lanky star with the engaging smile was definitely shy and retiring, nervously uncomfortable under the limelight of publicity, only really at his attractive best when alone with a few chosen friends. His favorite hobbies included dodging candid cameras and going off for camping trips in the wilds with a couple of other confirmed bachelors—they always declared Jimmy was so scared of girls nothing would persuade him to take one out to dinner two nights running in case somebody began to say they were engaged.

Then Jimmy joined the Army and was caught up into that mysterious maelstrom of drafts and camps and training schemes which molds the



Keystone Photos



Just one of many thousands of air-minded American boys, Jimmy Stewart is now a credit to his country and to Hollywood. Above, early picture showing Jimmy, with his mother and sister, back home in Pennsylvania. Other pictures show him (top) being interviewed in Britain and (right) with his divisional crest over fireplace of officers' mess.



raw material so effectively. For long months neither his fans nor his personal friends heard very much about him. (He isn't the kind of man who waxes eloquently descriptive on paper!) Until one day Captain James Stewart of the U. S. Army Air Force climbed into a bomber with nine other men and came across the Atlantic to Britain non-stop, to add the final touches to his air education here in an actual theater of operations.

Then the world met the new Jimmy, as different from the old one as chalk is from cheese. Just a few hours after his plane had touched down at a giant airfield, not far from London, he walked into the officers' mess and greeted the crowd which had assembled there to meet him with genuine self-confidence and pleasure. With his cap tilted over one dark eye, he laughed and talked and posed for the newsreel cameras and handed the ladies coffee and made so many gay wisecracks one newspaper reporter said it was just like interviewing Bob Hope all over again.

When a fellow officer ribbed him about still being unmarried at thirty-five, Jimmy answered promptly: "Well, I always observe the Nine Golden Rules," and needed no more encouragement to set them out. Learn to cook and sew on your own buttons because a helpless man is sunk. Put a brake on the flattery, then you're not apt to skid into matrimony. Tell them gently but firmly about your great need for freedom, and don't forget to sigh sentimentally as though you regret it. Jimmy explained his axioms with his sunburnt face crinkled with chuckling mischievous laughter, while even the presiding colonel had to smile at him.

"Do you keep all these rules of yours, Mr. Stewart?" demanded one khaki-clad American woman correspondent.

"Well, I'm still a bachelor!" answered Jimmy sweetly. As he turned away, he added in mock afterthought: "I nearly forgot to tell you the Tenth Rule, the most important one. When you meet That Certain Girl, just drop all this foolish pretense!"

Maybe Jimmy already has ideas about That Certain Girl himself because he is frequently seen in the postoffice sending V-letters back home, though the address is reputedly reported not to be a Hollywood one. One day he was also inquiring about the handy system of sending flowers by cablegram, deciding it would be deep red roses which seems to say a lot.

He keeps himself in social trim by going to the dances which are held most Saturday nights near his station. American W.A.A.Cs and British W.A.A.Fs provide the partners there. I told one of the Army girls—a red-head telephone operator from Indiana—that Captain Stewart used to be notoriously bashful. "So, I've heard," she said. "My, how that man has changed!" On the dance floor Jimmy is not only a determined performer but positively assertive at times. Refer to the girl who delightedly did The Big Apple with him until he firmly led her into a waltz!

London has seen Jimmy going around several times on weekends. Like all the U. S. men in uniform, he has rubber-

(Please turn to page 80)

## Why Veronica Lake likes Woodbury Natural



VERONICA LAKE, STARRING IN "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN,"  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

✓... it gives angelic fairness ...  
lends lovely flower-fresh clearness  
brings a satin-smooth texture!

**Girls!** For the love-lure of lovelier skin, wear your exquisite shade of Woodbury Powder—there's one to glamorize EACH complexion type . . . The Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even—makes it stay color-fresh *always* as you wear it . . . gives it clinging, smoothest texture, that helps hide tiny blemishes, lines . . . Choose *yours* today from the 8 bewitching Woodbury Powder shades.

## Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

**YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP!** Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right, glamour shades of matching rouge and lipstick—at no extra cost! . . . All 3 for only \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢





The surprising  
true story of  
Kathryn Grayson

# SHE DIDN'T GET



## But She Got

**M**OST SUCCESS stories are standardized by now. That's why meeting Kathryn Grayson is such a pleasure. She's so different!

"I'm not at all sure happiness comes directly from aiming for what you want. That's what they're always claiming. Experts are forever chanting—'Make up your mind, definitely, then full speed ahead!' It's as simple as that, according to a popular theory. But me, I doubt it!"

As well she may. At twenty-two, Kathryn has a right to her own opinions. From her own experiences, she knows better. At least, isn't this the moral to draw from what she relates?

"Confidentially," she told me, "I didn't want anything I have now. I didn't want to be in pictures. I was positive I wished to be somewhere else. I was determined I wanted nothing to do with any handsome man, love, and marriage. What I felt about cooking in a kitchen was equally strong. That wasn't for me. I took steps to save myself, believe me."

Even when a series of startling-to-her circumstances switched her to a sidetrack leading to fame and romance, Kathryn continued adamant. Very often, plain stubborn. So she nearly lost what she fancied she didn't want, the very thought of which horrifies her. That would have given her life story a sudden and sad climax.

"I can look at myself through the wiser eyes of a young married woman now,"





# WHAT SHE WANTED

By  
Bob  
Marden

## Something Better ★ ★ ★

she said, daring to be quite honest. "Experiences have a way of teaching all of us plenty, if we'll admit we can be wrong. Of course, I wouldn't back down a bit on my pet goals—until I had to adjust. I was a most confused little girl playing at being a grown-up. Fortunately, I finally grew up, altered many of my ideas, and because I'm a changed person I am as happy as anyone can be these days."

She never put up any bluff about her movie possibilities. "I said I didn't have a Chinawoman's chance. I never once had a single, compelling dream about great big glorious closeups. The thought of dashing to important previews, particularly my own, never came to me. If it had, I'd have brushed it off impatiently. The hope of becoming glamorous didn't burn deep down inside. I didn't want a fourteen-room house—but I got it.

"If anyone is bored by dressing up, I am. I like to buy jewelry, but it's too much trouble to wear. I hate to buy clothes, make my mother shop for me. My pet coat isn't a mink, but an old-fashioned slicker; my favorite dress is a shirt-waist frock. Faded slacks and too loose sweaters—I choose them. I hate to fuss with hair styles. I say put pockets in everything, so I can keep them stuffed. I abhor gloves, corsages—yes, even orchids! I think of a diet and automatically of ducking it, for I prefer soda pop, hamburgers, chili, and hot fudge sundaes.

"George Montgomery used to come over to my home, when we settled in Hollywood, to chum with my brothers. The fact that he was (*Please turn to page 67*)

Kathryn (five-foot-three)  
and her husband, John  
Shelton (six-foot-one).





Linda Darnell



Kodachrome by Hal McGavin, Angeles-Limited Prints  
"Stranger With A Camera" starring Linda Darnell and George E. Stone



**Fictionized  
by  
Elizabeth  
B.  
Petersen**

**George Sanders  
and Linda Darnell  
co-star in new film  
drama based on  
Chekov's only full-  
length novel, "The  
Shooting Party"**



# STRANGE CONFESSION

**N**ADINA sat there staring down on the manuscript on her desk. It brought back the past she had tried so desperately to put behind her, that other world which had vanished with the revolution, that other lifetime which had ended just as the Czarist reign had ended.

For years she had not heard Fedja's name mentioned. It had been easier not hearing it, but now in the inconsequential way important things always happen, this book he had writ-

ten had been brought to her by his closest friend. Fedja did not know he was bringing it, the voluble Count Volsky explained, but what was the sense of writing an autobiography unless it could bring in the money the former Judge Petroff was in such dire need of? And besides, who had a better right to publish it than Nadina Kalenin, now that she had taken her dead father's place as head of his publishing company? For Nadina most certainly must be in it, though



Drama of dark and intense desire, "Strange Confession" presents Sanders in a strong rôle, that of Fedja Petroff, and Linda Darnell in an entirely new characterization for this beautiful young actress—that of a ruthlessly scheming siren who plays havoc with his life.

Complete cast and credits of "Strange Confession" will be found on Page 75



Volsky was just guessing at that, to be sure, as he had not read it.

Yes, she probably was in it, she and that girl Olga, Nadina thought after she had sent the Count off happy with the substantial advance she had given him. And the sweetness and all the sorrow, the ecstasy and despair, they must be in it too.

She began to read, and suddenly it was seven years ago and it was summer, and it was almost as if she could see the Ukranian countryside in bloom, as if she could feel Fedja's lips on her mouth again, his arms holding her. It was all so vivid, as if Nadina were living over again that day in the year 1912—only now it was through Fedja's eyes she was seeing Olga for the first time again, seeing her and in that moment understanding some of the things she had never been able to understand before.

How disturbing she was, this girl with her sloe eyes and black hair. She looked so small and defenseless, scarcely more than a child as she curtsied to Nadina that Sunday after church. But even then Fedja felt a dark, hidden quality in her which urged him to turn away from her, back to the safety of Nadina's calm blue eyes, back to the safety of the love he had already found. It was everything he wanted in life, that love, and yet he couldn't pull his eyes away from this girl who was staring at him as he was staring at her.

Pity was in his heart, too; that's what made it harder. Pity for all that loveliness which was soon to be given in marriage



to Urbenin, the middle-aged overseer of the Count's vast estate. "Who is she, Fedja?" Nadina asked as the girl went away at last.

"Just a girl from the village," he said, trying to still the turmoil in his heart that always came when he saw the peasant girl. And he remembered that day in the forest when he and the Count had been riding over the vast Volsky estate and a thunder storm had driven them to a summer house for shelter and they had found her, the woodcutter's daughter, sleeping there.



Her beauty had stirred him strangely, her small figure so perfectly formed that even the shapeless shift she was wearing couldn't conceal it's soft curves. And when she awakened suddenly her eyes had gone to his in startled wonder. Yes, even that first day he had been drawn to her, and had tried to deny it even to his own heart.

He was relieved at first when the Count told him Olga's father had arranged her marriage to Urbenin, for the girl seemed always to be seeking him and he thought her marriage would be the end of all that.

But the Count decided it would be amusing to have the two married in his home, with all his fashionable friends there to witness the marriage of an overseer and a woodcutter's daughter. As the Count's friend, Fedja was chosen to share with him the honor of holding the gilt crowns over the bridal couple at the ceremony; and afterwards at the wedding feast he shuddered, even as the girl shuddered when Urbenin put his heavy hands on her fragile shoulders and stooped to take his bridegroom's kiss.

Suddenly she pushed him back. "I—I don't feel well," she cried, and then before anyone could stop her she had run from the room.

Fedja tried to think it was pity alone that made him go looking for her there in the moon-drenched garden. He called her name and a slow heartbreaking sob answered, and then he saw her lying on the grass and knelt beside her.

"Olga," he said, and his voice was very gentle. "You mustn't do this. You don't want to hurt Urbenin, do you?" Then as she didn't answer, "Don't you love him?"

"No!" The word was torn from her with a violence that surprised him.

"But still it's your party," he said, trying to calm her. "Don't you hear? They're dancing. Shouldn't we go back to the others?" Then as that single, explosive negative came again, he asked, "Do you want me to go?"

"No," she said. But this time her voice came almost in a whisper, and before he realized what she was going to do she had thrown herself into his arms. He felt the trembling of her slender figure as his arms closed around her and then his mouth pressed hard against hers and time itself seemed to stop as he held her. Then as suddenly as she had thrown herself into them she drew away from his arms.

"Go!" she whispered passionately. "No more, or I'll have to see you again and again and again." But as he turned to walk away she ran after him and again threw herself into his arms. "Fedja, Fedja, Fedja!" she cried, and his name was wild music on her lips.

Later, when they went back to the others, a pang of guilt shot through his heart as Nadina came over to him. He had never loved her so much as he did at this moment. He wanted to hold her close, to feel (Please turn to page 74)



These scenes from "Strange Confession," Angelus-United Artists release, Linda Darnell is shown as an unwilling bride who is really enamored of Sanders, whose wholesome romance with Anna Lee (above right) she heartlessly wrecks.



inter  
She lived alone and liked it until a certain male radically changed her mind! Now Lynn Bari gives us the sequel to her much-discussed "Code for Bachelor Girls"

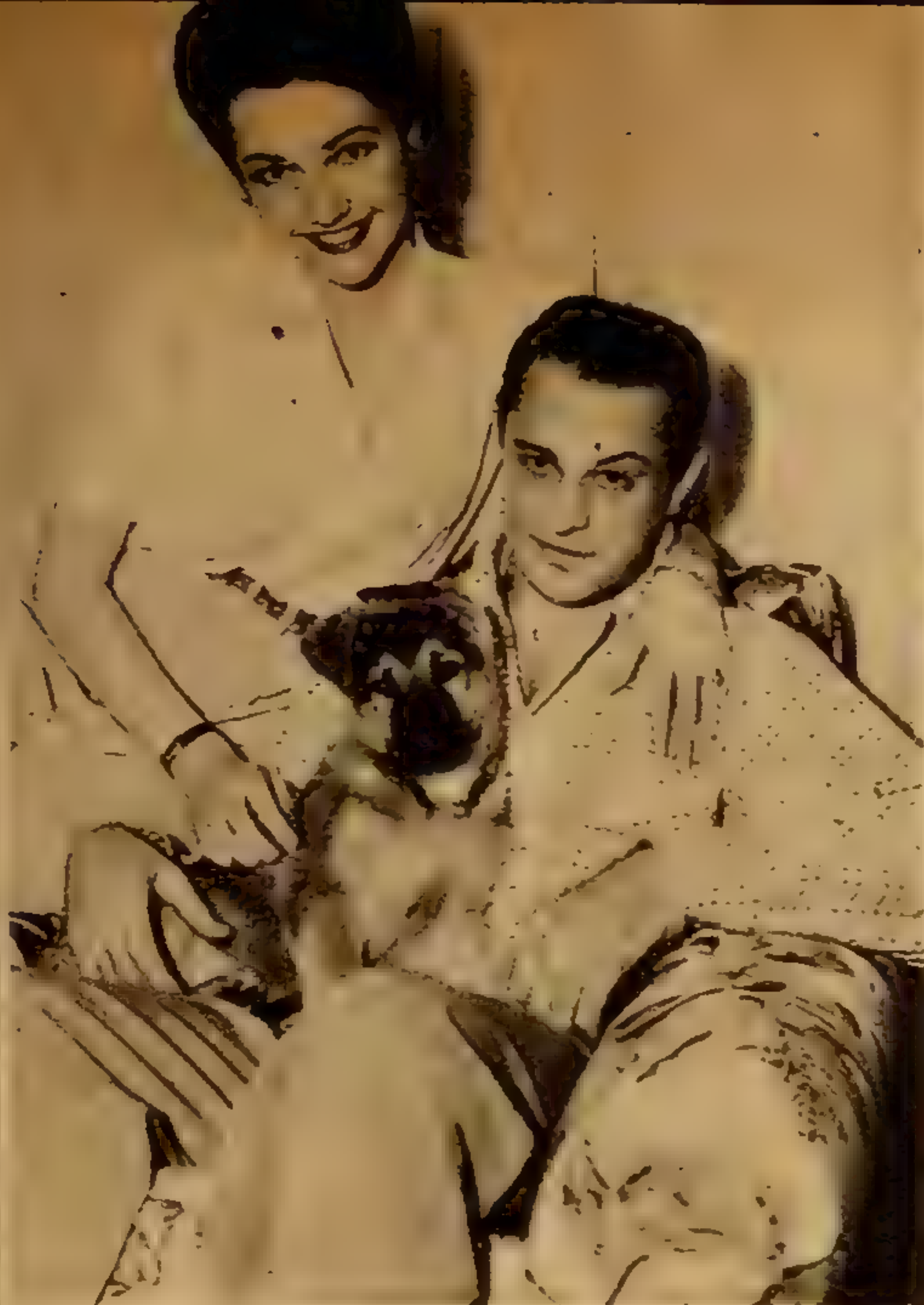
# LYNN BARI'S MARRIAGE CODE FOR EX- BACHELOR GIRLS

By  
Barry  
Farrar



★

These pictures tell the story! First, family portrait of the Sid Lufts at home, Mrs. Luft being that movie actress Lynn Bari who co-stars with Edward G. Robinson in "Tampico" for 20th Century-Fox, Sid being noted test pilot. The dog's name is Bolo. Next, she bones up on technical aviation while he reads up about her. Then the battle of the budget—as usual, she wins.



IF THERE'S anyone happier than a contented bachelor girl, it's an ex-bachelor girl who is blissfully married to the right guy. I happen to know because Lynn Bari told me so—and Lynn is the walking epitome of the female who lived alone and liked it until a certain male radically changed her mind.

The man in the case, as you no doubt have heard, is Sid Luft, the Douglas test pilot. He's the culprit who ardently persuaded Lynn to ditch her well-mapped chart for living in single blessedness. Now she doesn't think it blessed at all, particularly since she became Mrs. Luft last Nov. 28.

To this writer, Lynn represents a clinical case on the subject of bachelorhood vs. marriage, a sort of before-and-after specimen. It was only last September that she told me about her detailed formula for a happy life outside of wedlock, calling it "Eight Points for a Bachelor Girl." There was only one hitch about the whole plan—if successfully followed, it led smack into marriage. And sure enough, it worked.

When I approached Lynn recently on the set of "Sweet And Low-Down," her latest picture, I must have had a "Where do we go from here?" look in my eyes, because she immediately guessed I was after a story—the sequel to her famous code for bachelor girls.

"This time I'm prepared for you," she led off. "I remember our other serious talk about love and marriage and things like that. You caught me off-guard that time and literally dug out of me, piece by piece, my 'Eight Points for a Bachelor Girl.' Well, this time I've given it some thought and I'm

ready to keep my promise to tell you my code for a happy marriage.

"I'm warning you again, though, that you asked for it. To be perfectly honest, I have my marriage plan well formulated. I had it down pat even before Sid and I were married, if you want the truth, and I haven't found it necessary to make any important changes during the five months we have been man and wife. Remember me? I'm the girl who subscribes wholeheartedly to the theory that you can't live right unless you have a plan, and that's doubly true of marriage. Where you have to please someone else as well as find happiness yourself."

Lynn then proceeded peeling off the points in her brand new design for living, a set of rules she calls her "Marriage Code for Ex-Bachelor Girls." She seemed more serious about her precepts for a happy marriage than she had been about her points for a bachelor girl, and she explained the reason for that, too.

"After all," she said, "when you are single you have only yourself to think about. And I admit, too, that you sometimes let yourself get away with things because there is no one to call your hand. But in marriage a lot of your thinking and acting is governed by the fact that there is another person to be considered in most of the things you do. And in a truly successful marriage that other person, and what he likes and dislikes, is far more important than your own desires. It sounds a bit formidable put that way, but it's true—the more you give the more you will receive in return from a good husband. And nat- (Please turn to page 87)

★

So he picks her hats. And she wears them. This little number (right) she picked out herself and is awaiting his approval or —. Keep your tiffs at home, advises Bride Bari in her ten-point Marriage Code; there's nothing worse than bickering in public. So far the Lufts haven't bickered — all, private lic. M. Lynn — on





"THE world is my oyster and Hollywood is the fork to open it with," I assured myself happily as the train jolted across the country toward California.

A picture contract at a princely salary! At least, it seemed princely to me at the time although I realize now that—as picture salaries go—it was a very modest one. But that has nothing to do with the case in point.

I had just left "Having Wonderful Time," in which I had been making \$350 a week—more almost than I had ever made before in a year. It had taken most of my salary to pay off old debts we had incurred to keep us going for the few years before that. Now, we were going to be able to live like human beings instead of in one room in a tenement with an iron Army cot as a bed for the two of us, soap boxes for chairs, and the bathroom at the end of the hall, as we had done when we were first married.

We could certainly put some money in the bank and—happy thought!—if I should be lucky enough to get a few radio engagements perhaps Robbe (my wife) could even have a fur coat.

"Beyond the blue horizon waits a wonderful day," I began singing in a voice like a crow.

Robbe looked at me in alarm. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

"It's nothing at all," I informed her airily. "This Brave New World," recalling the title of a play.

Hollywood was wonderful. The balmy air, the bright sunshine, flowers blooming in winter, the people at the studio all jerking themselves into knots to be pleasant. Gee whiz!

I started work almost immediately in "Four Daughters." The picture turned out to be one of those surprise smash hits producers pray for and, lucky devil that I was, I clicked.

I was all set, I thought. Every actor has an abnormal amount of ego in him or he wouldn't be an actor. Once in a while you get a hunch that a script is bad and that nobody could do anything with it—except maybe the trash man—but most of the time each of us thinks all any play needs to make it a hit is one of our sterling performances. I soon learned different. When the second picture was finished it wasn't so good as the first—but I still received good notices.

People on the lot couldn't wait to say "hello" and most of them were slapping me on the back. All of them were giving me all kinds of advice and I thought, "I'm new out here. These people have been here for years and they should certainly know the score." I listened to all of them.

I was meeting "the press"—having interviews between almost every shot; fan magazines, newspapers, radio commentators, high school and college publications—any sort of periodical an actor could fit into—and loving it. Without exception, every writer I met outdid himself trying to be nice to me.

I'm naturally of a friendly disposition and when anyone sticks out a hand I grab it. When a person goes out of his way to be extra nice, I immediately begin thinking of that person in terms of old friendship. We're palsy-walsy from the word "Go!"

One of the writers I met who later actually did become one of my close friends was Dick Mook. We just happened to click from the moment of our introduction. As he left me after our first meeting he said musingly, "I wonder what you'll be like a year from now?"

It was more of a speculation than a question but I took him up on it. "I'll be exactly the same as I am now," I told him.

"Like hell you will!" he laughed. "I'll lay you odds that inside a year you'll (Please turn to page 60)



David Patton Garfield, named for the famous General, is the center of attraction in the Garfield family group above. Reading from right: Davie's first formal portrait with his father—truthfully, the Garfield heir showed no interest whatsoever in photography, blew one indignant bubble at the camera, turned over and went to sleep. Next, closeup of John from "Destination Tokyo," and with Sidney Greenstreet in Warner Brothers' "Between Two Worlds."



Photos by  
Floyd McCarty  
and Elmer Fryer,  
Warner Bros.



It takes a man of courage and goodwill to make this frank confession! Garfield, once the problem boy with a "message," has become one of Hollywood's happiest citizens, and he tells you in our exclusive interview how it all happened



**"I Was a Chump!"**

says

*John Garfield*

To S. R. Meek







# ESTHER'S NO DUMMY!

Lovely Miss Williams proved it when she decided she'd rather be a movie actress than a dress model—and look at her now

**T**HERE'S a lot of shouting about a new player out Metro way. Her name is Esther Williams, and you might as well get acquainted because you're going to see quite a bit of her. Esther is one of those rare people of Hollywood—a perfectly normal person. She hasn't an inflated ego and she hasn't an inferiority complex. Inhibitions, which gather around most movie stars like poor relatives, have never bothered Esther. That's why you'll like her so much. She's fun to have around. But that wasn't why Metro ran after her, literally, to get her name on a contract.

Esther has something else that distinguishes her from the common run of Hollywood beauties. She's a bathing beauty who can actually swim! Ever since one of Mack Sennett's bathing girls nearly drowned in a swimming pool before anyone thought to rescue her, there has been a Hollywood tradition that girls who look pretty in bathing suits never go near the water. Esther has kicked that tradition right in the teeth. She looks luscious in a bathing suit (women drool with envy when they see her figure, men just drool) and she swims like an authentic mermaid. "I ought to," says Esther with an infectious giggle, "I've been at it long enough."

Esther Williams is a local girl who made good. Until she married a few years ago she had always lived in a small frame house in Inglewood, a suburban community, only a stone's throw from the lair of Leo the Lion. Her mother, Mrs. Bula Williams, besides bringing up five children, taught psychology classes in Inglewood, and also found time to take an interest in civic affairs. Mrs. Williams had campaigned assiduously for a playground with a municipal swimming pool. The swimming pool was built in time, and Mrs. Williams was asked to take part in the dedication ceremonies. When she modestly withdrew from the limelight, the city fathers transferred the honor to little eight-year-old Esther. She was to be the first to swim across the pool! The big day in her life finally arrived. In the excitement her foot slipped on the diving board, and the result was a most unbecoming belly-flop—which splashed a good bit of the municipal water over the guests. Everybody laughed heartlessly, and Esther was cut to the quick. For her it was life's darkest moment. "I'll learn to swim," she swore to herself, "if it's the last thing I do. They'll never have a chance to laugh at me again." And they didn't.

If she counted a hundred towels she could swim for an hour free. Two hundred towels, two hours free. She went at it with a vengeance. The guards and instructors at the pool began to take an interest in the determined little girl. They taught her to swim boy-fashion, with head high in the water and a husky kick. Esther had an older brother with whom she used to go to the beach in the summers and swim two or three miles out in the Pacific ocean. In her efforts to keep up with him she learned power, strength, and stamina.

In 1937, when she was in high school, the coach at the Los Angeles Athletic Club told her, "I can make a champ out of you in four years." Esther replied, "That's too long." She made it in two years, with the Olympic Games of 1940 in Helsinki, Finland, as her goal. For you who are sports lovers: during 1938 and 1939 she (Please turn to page 81)







By  
**Elizabeth  
Wilson**

Esther plays title rôle in new Red Skelton comedy, "Bathing Beauty" (left); but from now on M-G-M will star her as an actress rather than a swimmer. Photos above show makeup man at work on Esther for water ballet scene; studio coach Lillian Burns giving her daily dramatic lesson; and hairdresser Eadie Hubner braiding her hair to insure the required amount of curl after emerging from the pool.





Maria Montez

You'll be seeing Maria Montez in Universal's "Cobra Woman" (once again with Jon Hall playing opposite), to be followed by "Gypsy Girl."



With Hollywood troupe, including Errol Flynn (below), Martha visited such cold spots as Kodiak, Attu, Amchitka, entertaining our boys. Troupe flew entire route, sometimes giving five shows a day. See blue fox in Martha's arms, presented to Flynn by enlisted men whose only pet it was. Martha got back just in time to play herself (right) in "Follow The Boys," Universal's tribute to show business' war effort.

| AFRICA        |                   | PACIFIC           |  |
|---------------|-------------------|-------------------|--|
| MEDITERRANEAN |                   | SOUTH PACIFIC     |  |
| BOB HOPE      | AL JOLSON         | AL JOLSON         |  |
| JACK BENNY    | EDGAR BERNARD     | EDGAR BERNARD     |  |
| FRANK CAPRA   | BOB HOPE          | BOB HOPE          |  |
| TONY RAAB     | INGRID BERGMAN    | INGRID BERGMAN    |  |
| AL JOLSON     | ERROL FLYNN       | ERROL FLYNN       |  |
|               | MARTHA O'DRISCOLL | MARTHA O'DRISCOLL |  |
|               | RAY BOLGER        | RAY BOLGER        |  |
|               | JOE E. LEWIS      | JOE E. LEWIS      |  |
|               | MAXIE ROSENBLUM   | MAXIE ROSENBLUM   |  |
|               | NEIL HAMILTON     | NEIL HAMILTON     |  |
|               | CARRIBEAN         | CARRIBEAN         |  |
|               | CHICO MARX        | CHICO MARX        |  |
|               | JOHN GARFIELD     | JOHN GARFIELD     |  |
|               | PAT O'BRIEN       | PAT O'BRIEN       |  |
|               | RITZ BROS.        | RITZ BROS.        |  |
|               | NELSON EDDY       | NELSON EDDY       |  |
|               | WEIPETZ           | WEIPETZ           |  |
|               | FALKENBERG        | FALKENBERG        |  |



# *SHE WORE A SWEATER*

Martha O'Driscoll, on USO tour, was voted official *Swear* Girl of the Aleutians by the servicemen



Boogie - woo-  
gie number  
from "Sensa-  
tions Of 1945"  
reveal a dif-  
ferent Elea-  
nor Powell



## Something New for Eleanor

In Andrew Stone's big new musical production, you'll see a daring dance number in which the lithe Eleanor performs with David Lichine. Instead of her customary black tights, Miss Powell wears the costume pictured here as she does her celebrated tap dance, with ballet overtones. "Sensations Of 1945" also features W. C. Fields, Sophie Tucker, the Herman







*Days of danger...  
one night of love*

They could plan no tomorrows  
... for life was theirs to give  
... not to keep. Yet this night  
was theirs ... and love was  
not to be denied ... by two  
so young, so vital, so eager to  
live out each reckless moment!

A CASEY ROBINSON production

# DAYS OF GLORY

*Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers*

TAMARA  
TOUMANOVA  
GREGORY PECK



ANOTHER  
OF THE  
GREAT  
R K O  
RADIO  
PICTURES

with ALAN REED • MARIA PALMER • LOWELL GILMORE  
Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson



# PHOTO PREVIEWS

First flashes from gay new films



At right, Lynn Bari and Benny Goodman in a musical moment from 20th Century-Fox's "Sweet And Low-down." Left, Carmen Miranda, dressed to the teeth in plumes, sequins and a sunny smile, will dazzle you; Bill ("Lend me your ears") Bendix will wow you in a song and dance routine in 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor musical, "Greenwich Village."







MERLE OBERON  
who plays Madam Sand  
in Columbia's forthcoming  
Technicolor Picture.

PREFERRED BY THE WOMEN  
OTHER WOMEN ADMIRE...

Wear the pearls fastidious women in the fashion spotlight wear—  
lustrous, flattering, irresistibly beautiful DELTAH PEARLS.\*  
Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched, at better jewelers.

L. HELLER & SON, INC., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

*Delatah Pearls*  
WORLD'S FINEST REPRODUCTIONS

\*simulated



*Once Chosen -  
Always Treasured*



Plaids are good — and even better when they are fashioned into a two-piece frock such as Ann Sheridan wears, at left. See the new middy line top, the collar faced with gold faille to match the plaid. Ann's hat is brown straw and her oversized bag of brown broadcloth.

Miss Sheridan's favorite suits are shown at bottom of page—both with the popular bolero. Suit at left, black with ruffle-trimmed skirt, ruffly chalk white blouse; suit at right, soft wool violet with gay print blouse of white and fuchsia crepe. Center below, the star's pet long-sleeved cocktail dress—slim, knee-length skirt of heavy black crepe, tailored top of shocking pink gaily splashed with vari-colored sequins.

*Exclusive  
fashion photos  
by Bert Six,  
Warner Bros.  
Clothes  
by Saks  
Beverly Hills.*





*"Shine On," Ann Sheridan!*  
*in Your Brand New,*  
*Grand New Spring Clothes*

Miss Sheridan, star of Warners' "Shine On Harvest Moon," shines for us in her spanking smart new Spring wardrobe. Here, she wears one of the new open neckline dresses of soft blue with a black ribbon motif. Ann's wide scalloped-brimmed hat is made of bright red straw.





# Spring Fling!



Raw silk handled with loving finesse achieves the delightful result worn by Ida Lupino at left: the kelly-green dress has violets tucked in at the waist; the gloves and hat are of natural raw silk, while the bag is of natural kelly, and fuchsia. Above, a suit with soft dressmaker detail; the white scarf worn at the throat is printed with amusing black cat design.

Exclusive fashion  
photos by  
Henry Waxman,  
Warner Bros.  
All clothes  
from the  
Sophie Gimbel  
Custom Collection.  
Saks Beverly Hills




Charming consequences of Ida Lupino's shopping spree



Raw silk again, this time used for a smart jacket dress: the top of chamois color, the gored skirt of kelly green, the softly fitted jacket of cinnamon brown. At right, a slim-lined blue dinner gown, with new deep neckline banded in white eyelet embroidery, and a pair of bows to add a softly flattering feminine touch. Ida Lupino's latest film for Warners: "In Our Time," co-starring Paul Henreid.







That in-demand young man, Van Johnson, romances with Marilyn Maxwell in M-G-M's "Three Men In White," latest Dr. Gillespie film.

**VERY  
WARM  
FOR  
VAN**





# VERY NICE TO MEET

In "Meet The People" you'll meet Lucille Ball at her best—with Dick Powell playing opposite in M-G-M's musical romance adapted from the Broadway stage hit.





# Here's Hollywood

**W**HEN Theresa, Myrna Loy's former cook, served notice on her present employers that she'd quit them soon, bets were hot that Myrna was coming back to Hollywood. By autumn you'll be seeing her and Bill Powell in a "Thin Man" picture again. It may take a bit of rounding up and polishing off to get this set-up back to its original shine, but even *Asta* is about in this neck of the woods. She's a bit on the fat side, but her dietary has already begun and by the time the cameras are set, *Asta* will be the neat little wire-hair with a nose for news we saw in former "Thin Man" pictures. Myrna's coming back heart-whole and fancy-free, too.

**T**HEY'RE calling Lana Turner "Queen of the Flat Tops" since she chucked her pompadour in favor of the new hair-do. Lana is busily engaged in making a picture which won't be released before late summer. And does she look different! Her hair is now parted in the center, is perfectly flat on top, has a suggestion of broken curls at the sides, is long in back and caught in a snood net of human hair.

I understand Roz Russell is cracking down on that iron pompadour she's been featuring, too. So get going, gals; you may as well start wrecking the high hair-do's now and be on the bandwagon, because, regardless of what the fashion books say, Hollywood sets the style for how hair will be worn.

**A**UGUST will be the month for the Hollywood stork, with Loretta Young expecting her baby then. The Gregory Pecks say their heir to what promises to be a movie fortune (papa has 12 pictures lined up with an increase on each one until the whole mounts to \$4,500 a week) will arrive in August. The Bill Princes (he's a new star of Warner's brought

Attending Academy's 16th Annual Award shindig at the Chinese Theater Gary Cooper sports a new nonchalance for photographers, as well as for the Missus and Paramount's V. P., Y. Frank Freeman.

on from the New York theater) will have a little stranger in their home, too.

But Ginger Rogers has made loud, indignant denials to the persistent rumor that old brer' stork will take her off the screen for the usual year. Other cradle notes include a return to the screen of Gene Tierney, who came back to her Santa Monica home bringing baby Daria with her. Gene has been away longer than most of the mothers, as little Daria was an incubator baby and has required more attention and care than most. Also Gene didn't want to travel too soon with her under wartime conditions.

**G**ENE KELLY, who is now known as "the Fred Astaire with hair," has crowded Ray Bolger and other dancing boys to the wall with his new one in "Cover Girl." Gene, who is good-looking enough to play straight rôles, is being swamped by offers since producers caught his "Alter Ego" number which turned out to be a sensation.

**A**S EVERYONE knows, Hollywood would almost sell its soul for an Oscar—the yearly award for excellence in all branches of movie-making. But the gremlins moved in on Oscar winners this year with the following results:

Jennifer Jones, who came with her agent to the Academy Awards, forgot her statue in his car, what with the excitement of it all. Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda gave a couple of soldiers a ride on the way home and one of the boys picked up Hal's Oscar with their packages by mistake. The soldier discovered the mistake just before he took off in a plane and had airport officials notify Wallis next morning. Donald Crisp, who passed out the Oscar to Charlie Coburn, lost his wallet in the crowd. It had his gas-rationing books and a lot of membership cards in it. But Katina Paxinou took no chances: she has been carrying her Oscar around with her ever since in a paper bag.





# GOSSIP BY *Weston East*

## CANDIDS BY *Jean Duval*

**G**REGORY PECK, Hollywood's newest star, and Vincent Price, who has the girls running in dizzy circles, have an interesting after-the-war plan. They want to buy a good comedy-melodrama, cast, produce and direct it, and take it on a round-the-world tour. Both feel there will be enough English-speaking people to make the thing profitable, as well as fun.

**G**EORGE RAFT will be back in movie circulation shortly after you read this. He has a fat contract waiting on his return from the front. He'll do the menacing type things the girls love. Raft suffered from sinus trouble due to cold and wet weather conditions while entertaining the troops—that isn't all glory, you know.

**F**RANK SINATRA, who spends his spare time on the RKO lot boxing with Bob Ryan, who is 6 feet 3, hasn't seen his new baby as yet, although it's over two months old at this writing. So Frank is shopping for a Hollywood home into which he can move his family. In the old days stars were forbidden to tell they were married; more recently were seldom photographed with wives or children. Today the newcomers and wives are photo-featured the country over and the girls in bobby-socks still squeal when he gets up to sing.

Incidentally, Frank had to ask his squealing admirers to tone down before a recent broadcast. Some of the listeners wrote in that they didn't like the demonstration. He's a swell guy and wants to keep everyone happy, and he's certainly on a spot.

**J**OE E. BROWN tops all other Hollywood entertainers with his recently completed service record of 250,000 miles of travel entertaining our boys at the front. Even though Joe is no longer the athletic lad he was in his burlesque days, he will suffer any privation or danger to get to the most remote

Below: Frank Sinatra gives program at premiere of "The Sullivans" a once over while Gloria De Haven looks over the audience. Right: reading from top, at the Academy Award presentation, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone with Dorothy Lamour, lucky to have hubby Capt. William Howard III in town for the occasion; The Winnahs! Paul Lukas, Jennifer Jones, Katina Paxinou and Charles Coburn—all terribly proud of their Oscars; at the Mocambo after the big event, Jennifer Jones with David O. Selznick, producer of her next picture, "Since You Went Away;" Lana Turner and Stephen Crane with Frank Sinatra and Gloria De Haven at the Chinese Theater.







post, regardless of the number of men there. He has sneaked in a native boat along dark jungle coasts, through waters heavily mined, to cut capers for a small detachment of men; has clowned about for them when neuralgia from tropic rains was causing him to suffer acute agony. If that alone isn't material for a decoration, I'd like to know what is. He's kept on clowning to please a bunch of lonesome kids, sometimes until he was on the verge of collapse, and they've never dreamed what he was enduring.

**T**HERE was a time when Norma Shearer had her toenails done in gold leaf. And five years ago, white carpets, pastel upholstered limousines and sable coats were the weightiest things on a star's mind.

But Virginia Bruce says she's serious about going in for a political career. And Helen Gahagan is polishing up on her speech-making also. Citizeness Clare Boothe started something when she went in for Congress; looks as if the girls were imitating her.

Joan Bennett did well with her first book, "How to Be Attractive," and is now embarked on her second—of all things from a star, "How to Cook."

**T**HIS YEAR'S Cinderella is Kay Harding of Universal, who was hired right off a United Rubber Co.'s delivery truck. Kay was born Jacqueline Lou, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Took to truckin'—the rubber tire kind—when she couldn't make the movie grade through usual channels. Did so well as the stenographer in her first try that she'll get ingénue leads from now on. But don't necessarily rush out and jine the union, kids; this only happens once in a thousand years.

**T**WO VETERANS who can steal a scene as slickly as anyone you please came to grips in "The Keys Of The Kingdom"—Roddy McDowell and Peggy Ann Garner.

"What are you smiling about?" Director John M. Stahl asked Peggy Ann, "I didn't tell you to register amusement in this scene."





Opposite: Roz Russell in snappy chapeau arrives at Academy event on the arm of her husband, Capt. Fred Brisson; Lt. Rudy Vallee has eyes only for his bride, the former Bettyjane Greer in a very becoming Hedy Lamarr hairdo at the Mocambo. They've just weathered their first tiff, successfully putting an end to divorce rumors. Mrs. Joe E. Brown at the Chinese is all smiles to have Joe E. back in the good old U.S.A. You'll see him soon in 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor musical, "Pin-Up Girl," with Betty Grable.

Below, reading from left: At the Academy Award shindig: the Humphrey Bogarts, just back from entertaining the boys; Linda Darnell adds to new fashion notes with a big rose for a hat and a voluminous satchel slung around her shoulder, attends with husband, Peverell Marley; the Charles Coburns — a happy occasion for them. At the Mocambo authoress Carole Landis ("Four Jills In A Jeep") dances with Victor Mature of the Coast Guard. They've known each other since "1,000,000 B.C.," their first picture together. Capt. Thomas C. Wallace is still the man in Carole's life. That rumored split-up wasn't true.

Peggy Ann, who was neatly wrapping up the sequence for herself, said innocently, "Well, the grown-ups are saying some rather amusing things, aren't they?"

Came the breakfast scene and Roddy had his turn. The director asked him why he was moving about so much, incidentally taking attention from Peggy Ann who was sitting next to him.

"The script says *Francis* is a very hungry little boy. I've noticed when children are *very* hungry, sir, they sort of duck their heads toward the food to get it quicker." He won!

★ **IRENE RICH** has turned her Selma Avenue house over to the WACS, the WAVES, the SPARS, lady Marines and any other branch of the women's services that happens to come along. It's a big old-fashioned frame building formerly occupied by bachelor star Bill Lundigan, and his family (pa, ma and three brothers) before Bill went into uniform. Sophie Tucker once lived there, after Irene moved to San Fernando Valley. It's a gracious gesture to girls in service which was badly needed. Plenty was being done for the boys while the girls were forgotten.

**ANOTHER IRENE**—Irene Dunne—is the first star to hold open house for service women one Sunday a month. They can come with or without their boy friends, dance, make merry and meet stars. This is certainly a step in the right direction, too.

**MARLENE DIETRICH** is holding hands with husband Rudolph Sieber again and such swains as Willis Goldbeck, Jean Gabin and others have gone their various ways. Marlene, very much the star, had a top trousseau made for her wartime entertaining. Clothes are very feminine—a riot of color. As she was allowed only 50 pounds weight, chief

bulk comes in the shoulder pads. She chose all wrinkle-proof fabrics. The Army is in for a treat.

**WHEN** a medium-sized, dark chap walked into RKO and said, "I'm Day," in a deep baritone voice, everyone thought, "So what?" Nobody recognized the Dennis Day from Jack Benny's broadcasts, who sounds like a sixteen-year-old with an ingratiating tenor. He's going to play in "Cocktails For Two" with Anne Shirley at RKO—and of course he'll sing.

**BONITA GRANVILLE** bites her fingernails; would give almost anything to be able to grow those long, tapering kind you see in the ads. She has appealed to her friends to help her cure the habit. "Yell at me. Slap my hands. Do anything!" said Bonita. Pal J. Anthony Hughes hit on an idea. He sent Bonita a statue of the Venus de Milo. The accompanying note read: "Look what happened to her and take warning."

"I don't get it," phoned Bonita. "It must be a gag, but how does it tie in with me?"

"She bit her fingernails," said Hughes and hung up the phone, but quick.

**THERE'S** a secret behind that new bloom on Barbara Hale and Rosemary La Planche. They've gone on the new diet dished out by RKO's Baron Haugen. The girls call him Alf—he's a former ski instructor, a Swedish expert, and he's now installed as physical director at RKO.

Pay-off is his recipe for beauty, which works like a charm, according to the girls. "Eat a big breakfast, a light lunch, a still lighter dinner. No midnight snacks. More wrinkles and bags under the eyes come from a starchy diet than from worry, work, or old age."

That's one for the book—in big type, too!





# SCREENLAND Salutes "The White Cliffs of Dover"



**This tender romance withstanding the sorrow of two wars will live long in your heart. Based on Alice Duer Miller's poem, it has wrung tears from radio audiences, too.**

Irone Dunne, a charming Yankee, and Alan Marshall, her titled English husband, find a great happiness in the scene above — before he goes to war. It's not the same war, but it brings her another great sorrow when her son, played by Peter Lawford, left, is brought back to her after a big "show."



# "Want a lovelier Complexion?"

This Beauty care really  
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*Veronica Lake*



Star of Paramount's

*"The Hour Before the Dawn"*

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FOR MY SKIN!

"I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in gently, but thoroughly," says lovely Veronica Lake. "I rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat to dry. A beauty care that works!"

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It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.



*You* want the loveliness that wins Romance! So take Hollywood's tip. Give your skin regular care with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. In recent tests of these beauty facials screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it**



## "I Was a Chump!"

Continued from page 38

be scrapping with the studio over salary, parts, pictures, directors or anything else that flits across your mind."

"You're nuts," I replied. "I may scrap with them over parts, but I'll never argue over money or directors or stories. Wait and see. Or, I'll tell you what: you make a note of the date and a year from now we'll have lunch together and you tell me if I've changed."

We never had that lunch. It wasn't necessary.

My third picture was "Dust Be My Destiny." It wasn't exactly a smash hit but it made money — quite a lot of money—and I was still one of the fair-haired boys around the Warner lot.

To show you how dumb I was about Hollywood, I can tell you a story that happened when I had been out here about a year.

We had some friends up to the house one night. We were having a swell time and about midway of the evening Robbe called out, "John, get out that other bottle of Scotch." A friend pulled her off to one side. "Don't say that *other* bottle of Scotch," he suggested. "Say *another* bottle of Scotch. That's the way it's done out here." At the time I actually thought he was right!

We both had so much to learn, and we didn't realize it. We'd been here a year and we thought we knew all the ropes and angles. Everybody was hail-fellow-well-met and we thought the

world and his wife were our friends.

Then I began making the mistake so many other young actors I've met in the five years I've been in Hollywood have made. I began, unconsciously, to believe my press notices.

As we made more and more friends we began getting more and more advice. We couldn't always distinguish between friends and hangers-on. If a person cared enough about us to give us advice, we thought he must surely be genuinely interested in us.

People would call me aside and bluntly ask how much I was making. When I'd tell them, rather proudly, they'd let out a whistle. "You're crazy! What are you going to do—work for peanuts the rest of your life? If you don't get it now while you're hot you'll never get it. Do you realize Joe Doakes, who doesn't have half the box-office you do, is getting five times as much moo-lah? Does he get notices like you? Why don't you get wise to yourself?"

At first I didn't pay much attention to all this but, without my realizing it, it all took root.

The theater had been the core of my being. It was my life, and I was much more concerned with parts than money. After all, I was making more than I ever had in my life—more than enough for us to live better than we ever had, so my early arguments with the studio were all over rôles.

When I first came out here I had a clause in my contract permitting me to return to the stage any time I wanted to, provided I gave the studio sixty days' notice. When I was firmly established the studio offered me a new contract at what, to me, seemed a fabulous salary, provided I'd waive that clause and agree to do only one play every second year. I signed it.

I was helpless in the face of that waiver but I still firmly believed there was such a thing as artistic integrity. I took one suspension after another, going without salary for long stretches rather than essay a part I felt meant nothing.

Robbe and I both come from very poor families and we realize, as only the very poor can, that life isn't all beer and skittles; that there is more to it than good times and laughter. People don't like preachments but if you can give them a dramatic version of almost any of life's or the world's problems they will swallow it and often it will stir them out of themselves so they will get out and *do* things instead of sticking their heads in the sand and ignoring them.

That was what I was trying to do, but I went about it in the wrong way.

It wasn't until I read an interview by another star on the lot that I realized I was being ridiculed—a bitter pill for anyone to swallow. This star didn't mention my name but the inference was obvious. I've forgotten the point he was trying to make but he said I had been summoned to the front office regarding a new pic-

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"Will the Army have a change of heart?"



# Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

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ture. Without asking anything about the director, cast or story I was said to have demanded, "Does it have a message?" Whereupon one of the executives was quoted as throwing up his hands and chortling, "He wants a message? Send him a Western Union!"

That interview with that other star did me more good than almost anything I can think of. It showed me myself as others must be seeing me.

I realized with a start that I wasn't getting much back-slapping any more. That, in itself, didn't bother me. It was the connotation that worried me. Oh, people still spoke but they didn't come rushing up the way they used to. It came to me with a shock that I hadn't had an interview in a magazine or paper for months. I went to the publicity office and asked them to tell me frankly why.

"You've antagonized writers," they said.

"I?" I gasped. "I haven't done anything to anyone."

"No," they agreed, "but when they come to see you, instead of discussing what they want for their stories—the things about you the public is interested in knowing—you try to force them to write about the things that interest *you*."

"It wasn't that," I protested. "It was only that the things I was talking about—world affairs and world problems—were so much more important and interesting than any petty details of *my* life."

"Perhaps," they said, "but if the writers don't think so, you can't force them to *your* way of thinking. You're too vehement. If you want to preach you'd

better give up acting and get yourself a pulpit, because that's the only way you're ever going to get people to listen to you. All they think now is, 'Here's a little nobody from New York who comes out here, hits it lucky, and immediately starts trying to tell everybody what's wrong with the world and how they should live their lives.'"

"That wasn't what I meant at all," I argued hotly.

"Perhaps not," they answered, "but it's the impression you're giving and they want no part of it. You won't play ball with them so they leave you alone. When we suggest an interview with you they laugh in our faces. You know, it's just barely possible you *could* be wrong in your views."

Brother, that really brought me up sharp! I began thinking back. Every once in a while a producer will make a picture with a "message." Almost invariably it is a box office failure. The public stays away in droves. If older, wiser and more experienced people than I can't force a sugar-coated pill down the public's throat, how could a young upstart like me hope to?

I began to understand that you can't tell other people how to lead their lives. You have enough to do to manage your own. All you can do is to live yours so as to do the most good with it.

So I started doing war work. Bette Davis and I conceived the idea of the Hollywood Canteen. When she was busy I was on the job. When I was working at the studio, she was working at the Canteen. And no one will ever realize

how much work there was. Some of our patriotic citizens tried to block it because they were afraid it might detract from the glory attached to the particular jobs they were doing. As though glory matters in times like these, or as though there weren't enough war work to go round! It's so confounded stupid.

Then, Chico Marx, Ray Bolger, Laurel and Hardy, Mitzi Mayfair, Jane Pickens and I made the first overseas trip. It was before Pearl Harbor, but it was at a time when travel was much more dangerous than it is now. We visited every outpost and base in the Caribbean. An Academy Award could never mean to me what the gratitude of those boys did. And it taught me what a much greater spiritual reward there is in doing something for people than there is in trying to preach to them, no matter how good your intentions are.

You can't know what a difference in my viewpoint—my outlook on life—this work has made. I no longer have any desire to return to the stage. I love Hollywood and everything about it. I'm the original Glad Boy these days.

And, with this changed viewpoint, I realize how swell Warners were to put up with me and nurse me through those first years. Right now I could sign contracts with two studios to take effect when my present contract expires two years from now. I've worked at two other studios, though, and I know when I'm well off. I don't think I'd ever want to work at any other studio.

But boy, howdy! In those early days, was I a chump!



"The More Women at War—the Sooner We'll Win!"

## We'd like to take War Jobs — *BUT*

...MY HUSBAND DOESN'T WANT ME TO WORK!



**Answer:** Your war job doesn't necessarily mean your husband needs your financial help! It means your country needs women—millions, like you—to keep civilian services going, save fighting men's lives. Explain this urgent need to your husband! Read your local want ads for war jobs that are open now!

...MY HOUSEWORK KEEPS ME PLENTY BUSY!



**Answer:** Are you tying yourself to your own apron strings—when our boys are dying at their "jobs"? Every day, working women manage their homes successfully. Let the family share your household chores! Or, take a part-time job. Ask your U. S. Employment Service Office to suggest a "working" plan.

...ARE CIVILIAN JOBS REALLY IMPORTANT?

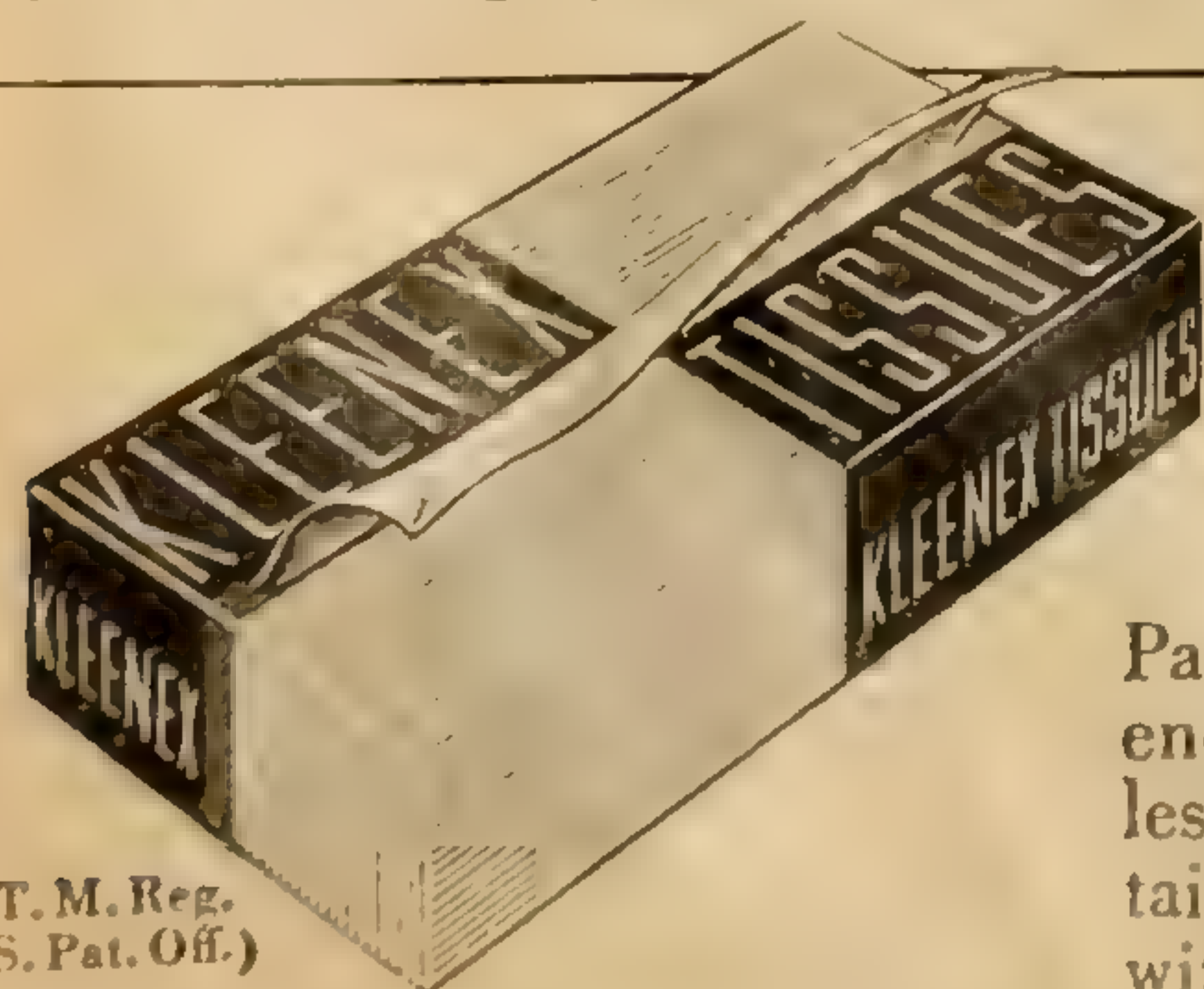


**Answer:** The humblest job in a home front service is as important as Victory itself! Laundries, cafeterias, hotels, stores . . . transportation, food packing industries . . . all must carry on. Help them! Even if inexperienced. Your newspaper want ads show where you're needed, or see your U. S. Employment Service Office.

...I'M NOT THE MILITARY TYPE!



**Answer:** Many a "home girl" makes good as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR. They work at scores of varied, interesting jobs you too can learn—if you qualify. Free a man for front line duty . . . help bring your man home sooner! Today, get complete details at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.



(\*T. M. Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.)

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of the war effort  
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Paper, too, has a war job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

## Introducing Gregory Peck

Continued from page 24

"Days Of Glory" is Tamara Toumanova, world-famous ballerina who is also making her screen debut.

I met Gregory first at RKO on the set of his first picture, a film cast entirely with unknowns, among them Allen Reed, the famous *Falstaff* of the Fred Allen radio show. Gregory struck me as quite a hunk of man. Standing six feet two and a half, weighing 170, he was definitely on the robust side. Yet he is 4-F because of a spinal injury acquired in rowing. His hair was hanging down on his neck—all for the picture, of course. His voice was deep and obviously a product of the theater. But the most impressive thing about him was his straightforwardness and lack of pretense.

"The one thing I am grateful for in this town," Gregory began as we were discussing his Hollywood career, "is that nobody is trying to make a pretty boy of me. When I first came here, of course, I was put through the paces. The make-up man assumed that I would have to be made to look handsome, so he pinned my ears back, plastered my hair down, and did some extensive decorating of my features so I would fall into the 'type.' But Casey Robinson, the man who gave me my chance in Hollywood and who wrote 'Days Of Glory,' nixed that deal in a hurry. I was to be let alone to be myself. And that's the way I'm going to stay."

That is no gag, dear readers. When you see Gregory Peck on the screen and in the movie magazines, you'll see the real McCoy and not the product of the makeup and retouching department.

"I don't think I'll ever forget the first test I made for pictures in New York," Gregory went on. "I was told to walk up and down and to display my profile—both of them. I was as stiff as the proverbial board. Finally, the director said, 'For Pete's sake, be casual.' So I decided I'd look casual if I nonchalantly took a puff of a cigarette. Well, when I saw the test, my hand was wobbling like a loose wheel. I don't care how much experience on Broadway an actor may have, there's something about the camera that makes the nerves dance. I'm still amazed I got a contract after that test."

When Gregory left New York to come to Hollywood, he got the usual advice. One of the choice pearls of wisdom dropped in his lap by those allegedly "in the know" was: Take the director and the cameraman out to dinner—the sooner the better.

"I've been here several months now, and I haven't taken either the director or the cameraman out to dinner," Gregory commented. "And I'm still in the picture."

"But nothing in Hollywood is quite what you expect. For one thing, I naturally thought excitement and glamor would run rampant on every Hollywood street corner. But when my wife and I arrived, we had our eyes opened. Everything was quiet here. In York, you see, we had an apartment practically next door to the theater. Near us were all of



our friends. We were always doing something. Here, however, it's just the opposite. We have a home on a hill overlooking the Sunset strip, and our main excitement is our victory garden plus our dog, cat, and our car that we recently bought.

"We don't have time to go out now. When I get home from the studio, I usually fuss around in the dark looking over my victory garden. Then I have to water the lawn. Greta, my wife, is cooking the meals now, too. We used to eat out, so this is a real change. We've even been spending evenings working on a budget—which is something that never worried us before because we didn't have enough money to budget. Now, my agent takes my check, gives us a certain amount each week, puts some in a checking account, earmarks part for income tax, and saves the rest for us for war bonds. I usually end up—on this deal—with a couple of bucks in my pocket and my wife gets the checkbook. Yes, we have definitely gone domestic, much to our surprise.

"We're funny people, though, when it comes to finances. We used to spend so much time trying to make a dime or a quarter go a long way that we now quibble over spending small change. But when a big item is involved, we think nothing at all of buying it. This is because we never had large sums of money before, I guess. For example, I'll hedge and hedge about buying a suit. I only have two now. But I'll go out and buy a phonograph—when I can find one—without any hesitation.

"Recently, we've cut down a lot on almost all types of buying, however. Our entertainment is limited to two movies a week and the fights on Friday. You see, we're saving for one special reason—we're planning on starting a family in the very near future. Then, too, we also want to buy a ranch some day when the war is over. My wife and I love to ride, so we're going to have plenty of horses—and a pony for the expected addition. This ranch, and our family—well, that's our dream. And it's a dream we're going to realize!"

Gregory met Greta when he was with Katharine Cornell in the road show of "The Doctor's Dilemma." She was Cornell's hairdresser and make-up supervisor. Gregory took one look at her. Then another. A week went by and he decided that this hesitancy and looking weren't getting him anywhere, so he asked her for a date. This was in Pittsburgh.

"We had dates after that in all of the key cities for the rest of the tour," Gregory laughed. "When the show ended in San Francisco, my home town, I felt that the time had come for me to put the idea up to her, so I asked her to marry me. She agreed. Then we both became cautious and decided to wait until I had the assurance of a hit show. We waited eight long months.

"After 'Doctor's Dilemma' closed, I went into Cornell's 'Rose Burke.' This closed before it reached New York. Then I did 'Punch and Julia' with Jane Cowl. It didn't get to New York either. Several months went by. Then I got the lead in 'Morning Star.' I was sure this would be the hit and we could get married. It closed in three weeks. Finally, I

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So busy with war work, film-making—yet always so lovely!  
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It will do everything to make *your* skin lovelier. It cleanses. Perfect for daytime and bedtime clean-ups. Softens. Smooths beautifully. Holds powder. As a night cream, helps prevent tiny dry-skin lines. This silken cream is so effective because of 4 special softening and smoothing ingredients. An exclusive ingredient, *Stericin*, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, because dust brings blemish-causing germs. Get a jar today. 10¢ to \$1.25.

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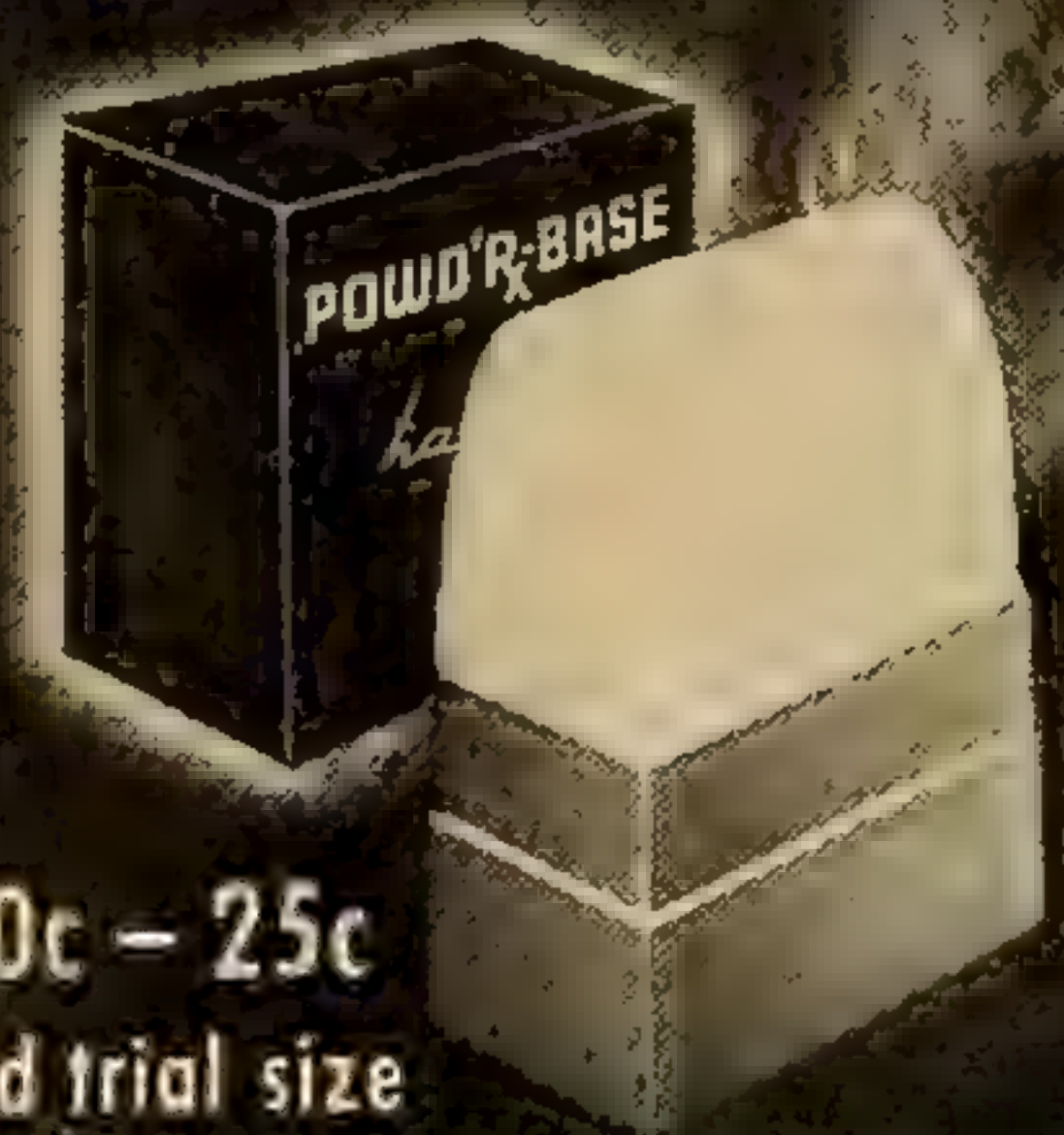
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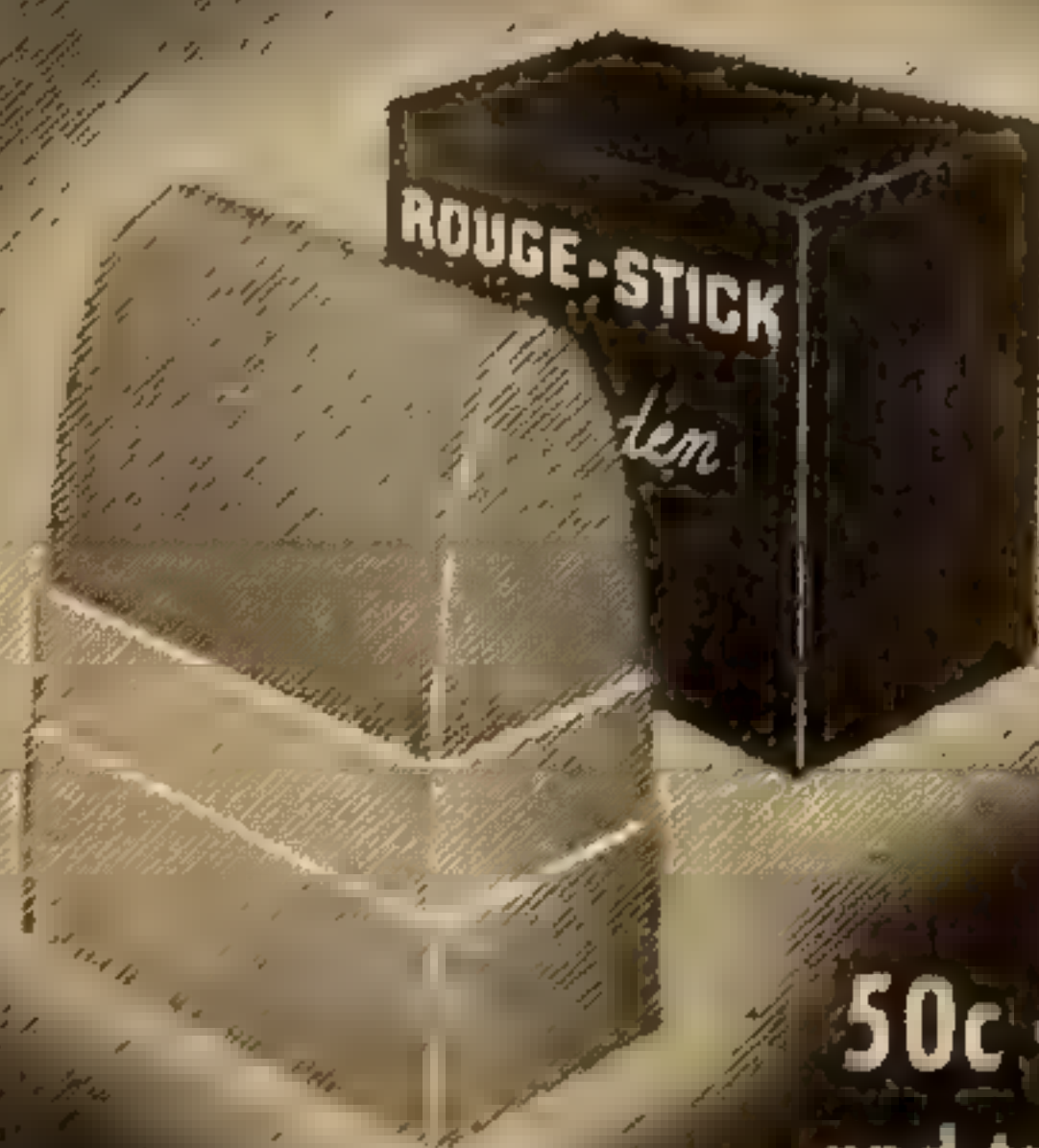
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said to Gréta, 'Look, we can't go on being practical. We may wait for years until I land a hit show. This waiting is getting monotonous.' So we got married the day after the show closed."

Two more plays on Broadway followed—neither of them a hit—and then came Hollywood. So the newlyweds weren't wrong in becoming—well, impulsive.

Gregory started out with every intention of becoming a doctor. His father, a druggist in San Francisco, thoroughly approved. So Gregory went to the University of California and studied—haphazardly, anyway. But doctoring and Peck didn't mix.

"I spent so much time rowing with the crew, doing janitor work with a friend of mine to pay for our rent, and being a waiter in a fraternity house—what a job!—that doctoring suffered. My career in medicine really began to blow up, however, when a friend of mine asked me one day to take a small part in a one-act play that was being done on the campus. Suddenly, I found I liked acting. I followed this show with the part of the leader of the chorus in 'Lysistrata' and then with the rôle of Matt in 'Anna Christie,' my first lead. I knew then I was going to act!

"When I told my father I was giving up medicine, he was very disappointed. We had quite a falling out over this. In fact, it was only recently that he relented. I knew I was right, though. I could see no point in going after something at which I would have been mediocre—if not a complete failure.

"I decided to go to New York and try my luck after I had graduated. A man I knew in San Francisco gave me a letter to a friend of his. As soon as I reached New York, I contacted this friend. He read the letter, 'hmmmed' a bit, and said, 'Well, all I have is a concession over at the World's Fair. Maybe I can find something for you there.'

"I wanted to ask him what he thought I could do in a concession, but I decided to keep my mouth shut. I was introduced to the man who was running the affair, and the first thing he said to me was, 'Can you bark?' Not wanting to show my complete surprise, I gulped and very confidently said, 'Sure!'

"For the next six weeks, I roared the virtues of the concession to all and sundry, taking half an hour off whenever possible to load myself with cough drops. At the end of the six weeks and in spite of the cough drops, my voice wasn't what it had been.

"My next job was acting as a guide for tourists through Radio Center in Radio City. I was given two days to learn all the details about Radio Center, quite a job for a guy who was a complete stranger to the town. For two days and nights I didn't sleep. I stayed up cramming all the data I could learn.

"The first trip I guided was something, all right! I really had some weird questions thrown at me. One lady asked, 'Is Brooklyn part of the United States?' Another lady came up with, 'What do the Music Hall weigh?' I don't remember what I said, for I don't think I have ever been so dead on my feet and so sleepy as I was on that first trip.

"After walking the tourists around for



a long time, I finally took them into the Center Theater. Fredric March and Florence Eldredge were playing there in 'The American Way.' I told the tourists that they could go upstairs—where there were some empty seats—and they could see about five minutes of the show. It was a matinée. They sat down. So did I. I woke up a half an hour later. My tourists were having a wonderful time."

During the World's Fair career and part of the Radio Center session, Gregory lived with three of his pals who had come to New York from the University of California. They talked about getting jobs in the theater and ate hamburgers and beans. One day, the Neighborhood Playhouse was brought into a discussion. The subject of the scholarships offered there was raised. So Gregory decided to audition in the hopes that he'd be given one of the coveted scholarships.

"I was put through all kinds of tests. First, I had to do my acting. I did scenes from about three plays. Then I was tested for speech—and even for dancing. I felt like a guy being inspected by the draft board. But I got the scholarship. This was the biggest break in my entire career. I can't say enough for this Playhouse and for the fine work it is doing for those who have talent but who lack the necessary money to pay for the course."

At the end of the first year at the Playhouse, Gregory got another break. He was sent, on an award, to the Barter Theater for stock.

The Barter Theater is one of the most unusual theaters in America. It is located in Abbingdon, Virginia—in a farming and mining district. It was founded some time ago by Bob Porterfield on the premise that farmers and miners could see up-to-date shows by using their barter for admission. For example, two bushels of potatoes would be worth approximately two or three tickets; three gallons of milk brought two tickets; a goat, a pig, or a cow was worth a season ticket. And the actors are paid with the barter collected.

And how did Gregory get this chance? Each year the Barter Theater makes an award for the best actress on Broadway. That year Dorothy Stickney got the prize for her work in "Life With Father." Besides being given a plaque, she was given a Virginia ham, an acre of land in Virginia, and was allowed to choose two talented newcomers to go to the theater for a season of stock. Gregory auditioned for her and was chosen.

"It was hard work at the Barter," Gregory remarked, "but it was great experience. We rehearsed a show all day, played another at night, and often went on tour to such neighboring towns as Big Stone Gap and Grundee. The actors had to do all of the moving and loading of props, lights, and furniture, and we had to set them all up for each performance in each town. I learned a lot in those twelve weeks."

He went back to the Playhouse for his next year. When he graduated, he appeared, as was the custom, in a series of one-act plays. This was an important occasion, for all of the big Broadway producers attended. On the particular night that Gregory graduated, Guthrie Mc-

*Glamorous*

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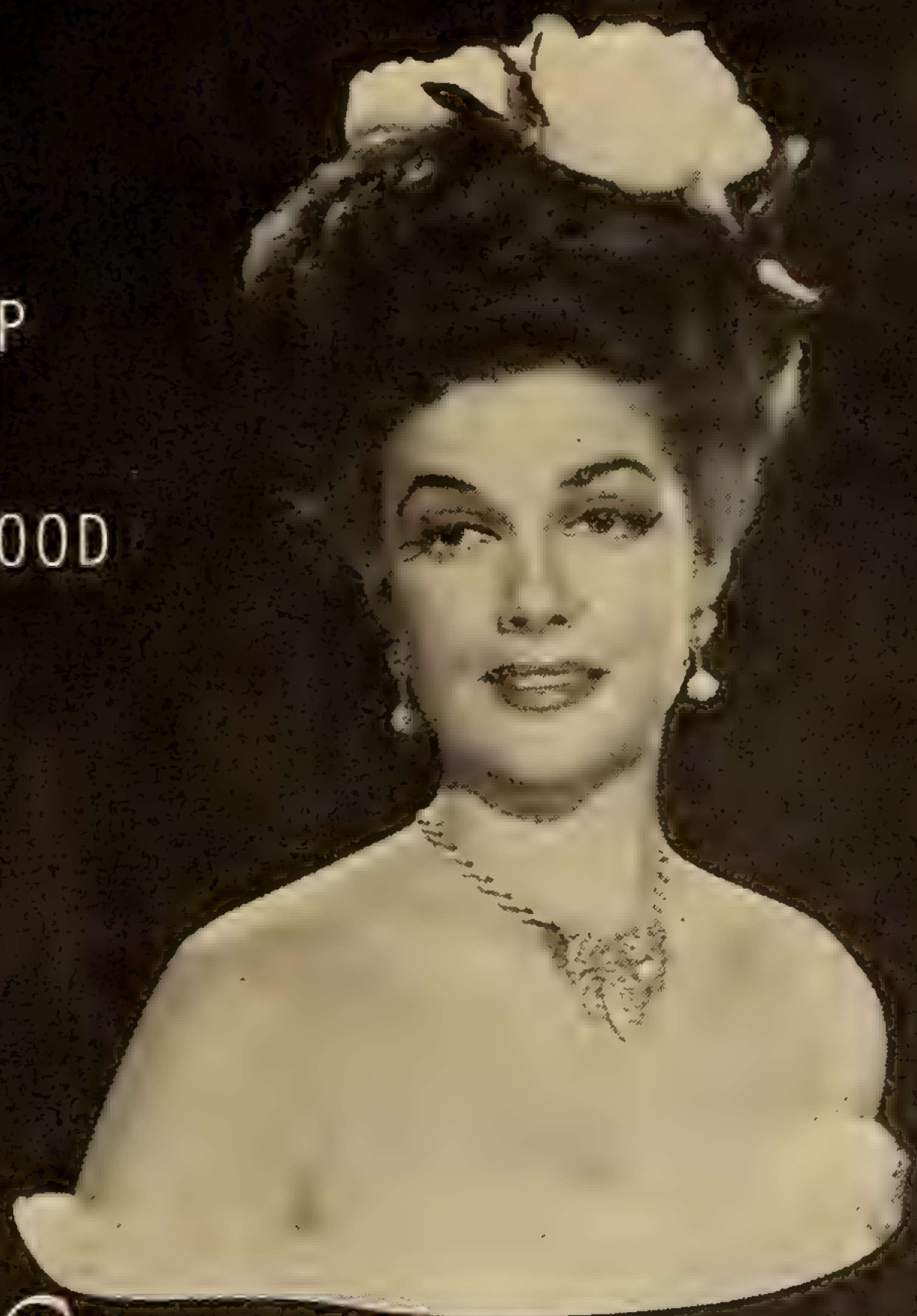
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Clintic and Katharine Cornell were in the audience watching the show. They were impressed by Gregory's work as a cowboy. The next day, McClintic sent for him. He was offered, oddly enough, the rôle of the art dealer in the road show of "The Doctor's Dilemma."

After "Rose Burke" and "Punch and Julia" flopped, Gregory returned east to do some stock at Dennis. Here he did everything from "You Can't Take It With You," shows with Ruth Chatterton, to a musical in which he "sang"—no, he hasn't a voice—with Jimmy Savo.

Then came the call from Martha's Vineyard and from Guthrie McClintic. He was to do the lead in "Morning Star."

One night after a performance of "Morning Star," he received word that Casey Robinson, Hollywood scenarist visiting New York, called him and asked him to come to the hotel for a talk.

"I hadn't thought much about Hollywood," Gregory admitted frankly, "but I was interested in what Mr. Robinson had to say. He told me that he wanted to use me in a picture soon, but he agreed with me when I said I thought I wasn't ready yet and that I should wait until the right thing came along.

"I thought about Hollywood after that—but not too much. I was too busy working in two other plays after 'Morning Star' closed. The shows were 'The Willow and I' with Martha Scott and 'Sons And Soldiers' with Geraldine Fitzgerald.

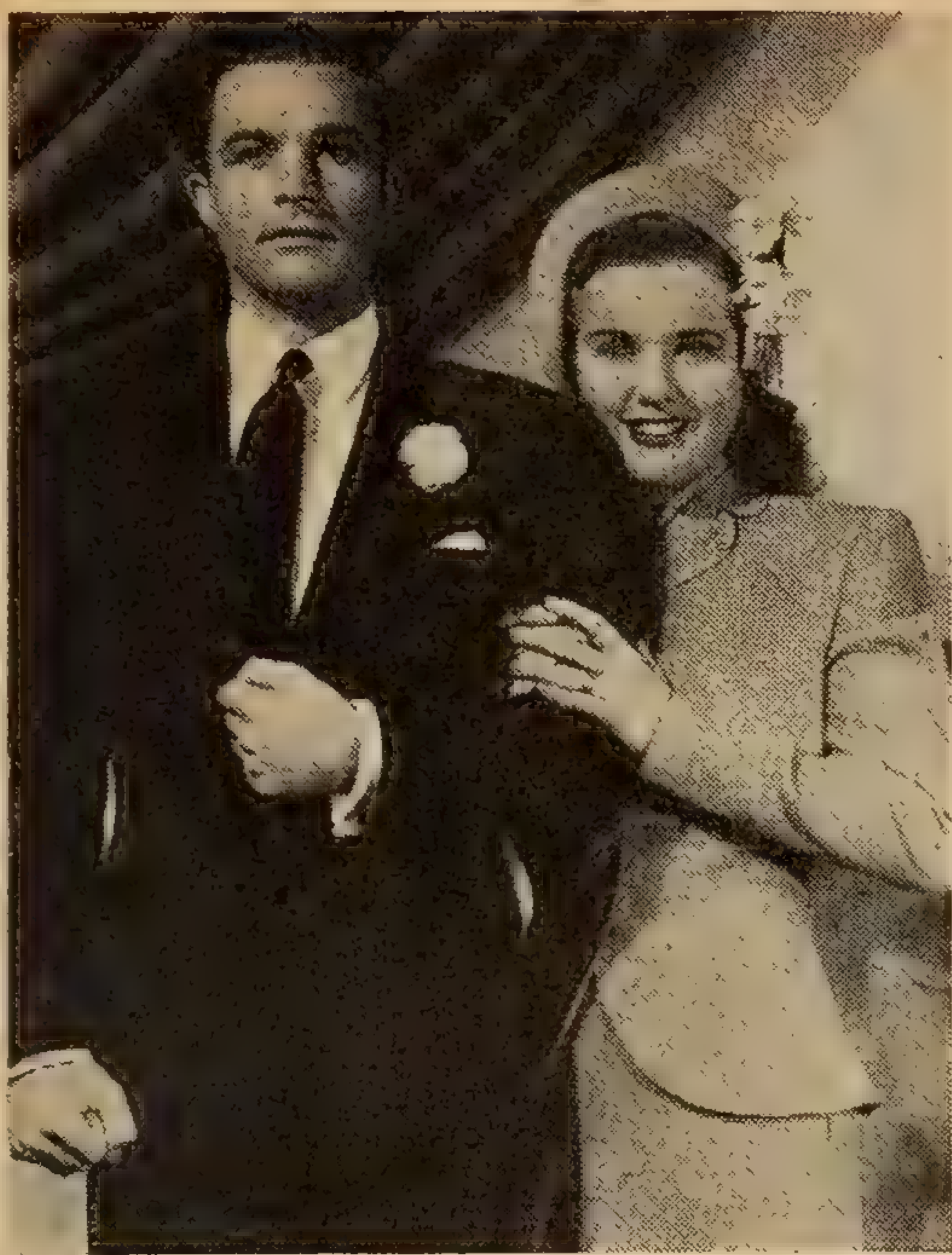
"Not long after my first visit with Robinson, he called me from Hollywood and said he had the right part for me. He asked me to come to Hollywood to discuss the picture, so I did. When I learned all about the part I was to play, I signed the contract immediately. I hope I'm here to stay now."

There is one interesting story about "Days Of Glory" that is worth telling. To keep the feeling authentic, the cast was served real Russian borscht for a dinner scene. The scene took a week to film. By the sixth day, the borscht was practically nothing but grape juice and water. So Gregory rose to the defense of the over-borshted cast and said, "So this tastes like grape juice and water—well, let's have grape juice and water instead." Just as that was settled, the cast tramped to the café for lunch. The special of the day—in honor of Tamara Toumanova—was Russian borscht. Not a single order was placed, much to the café manager's chagrin.

Speaking personally, Gregory loves most sports; he likes to follow politics; he prefers steaks and salads; he likes sloppy clothes; his choice in music runs toward symphonies and lately even to chamber music and soloists; he loathes opera, "probably because I had to stand for four and a half hours to hear my first opera, 'Lohengrin,'" he explained to me; his favorite actors are Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, and Jimmy Cagney; Jean Arthur and Ingrid Bergman are his top actresses.

Such is Gregory Peck, a tall guy heading up. A gent who is apt to blast a lot of Hollywood formulas before he's through.





Gene Kelly and Deanna Durbin pose in true tintype style for the scene just after their wedding in Universal's "Christmas Holiday."

## She Didn't Get What She Wanted

Continued from page 31

handsome was against him. I assumed good-looking males were conceited, giving them not the slightest opportunity to prove otherwise."

So you know what happened. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer found her, and instituted a new policy of super-grooming for film stardom that is the studio's pace-setter for subsequent ambitious, talented young girls. Kathryn's extraordinary singing voice, and the promise she evidenced so unassumingly, swept her into a world she hadn't even wondered about. She's been modelled by Metro's ace experts. At times there's been plenty of mutual bewilderment, for Kathryn was obviously not exceptionally eager for the rewards offered her.

She was fond of being a rolling stone. Still is. Hollywood wasn't necessarily heaven to her. "I was born in the Carolinas. My father's business as a contractor kept us moving from one state to another. I can fit into a new neighborhood quickly, and I think almost every place has its good points. I didn't play-act as a child. I was a tom-boy, and was most excited when my two brothers—Mike and Bud—let me play on their football team. I was the blissful 'way back!' Once, when the family was driving to Texas, there was an auto accident and I was in a hospital for six months. But other than that, I had no drama in my childhood. My tastes were simple, and remain so."

At twelve she made up her mind. From there on in she was determined to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. Living in St. Louis, naturally fond of music, she crept into the Municipal Opera House there after rehearsals one afternoon, got up on the stage alone, and sang to the empty auditorium. That is, empty except for a solitary janitor who nodded encouragingly.

"When I thanked him he turned out

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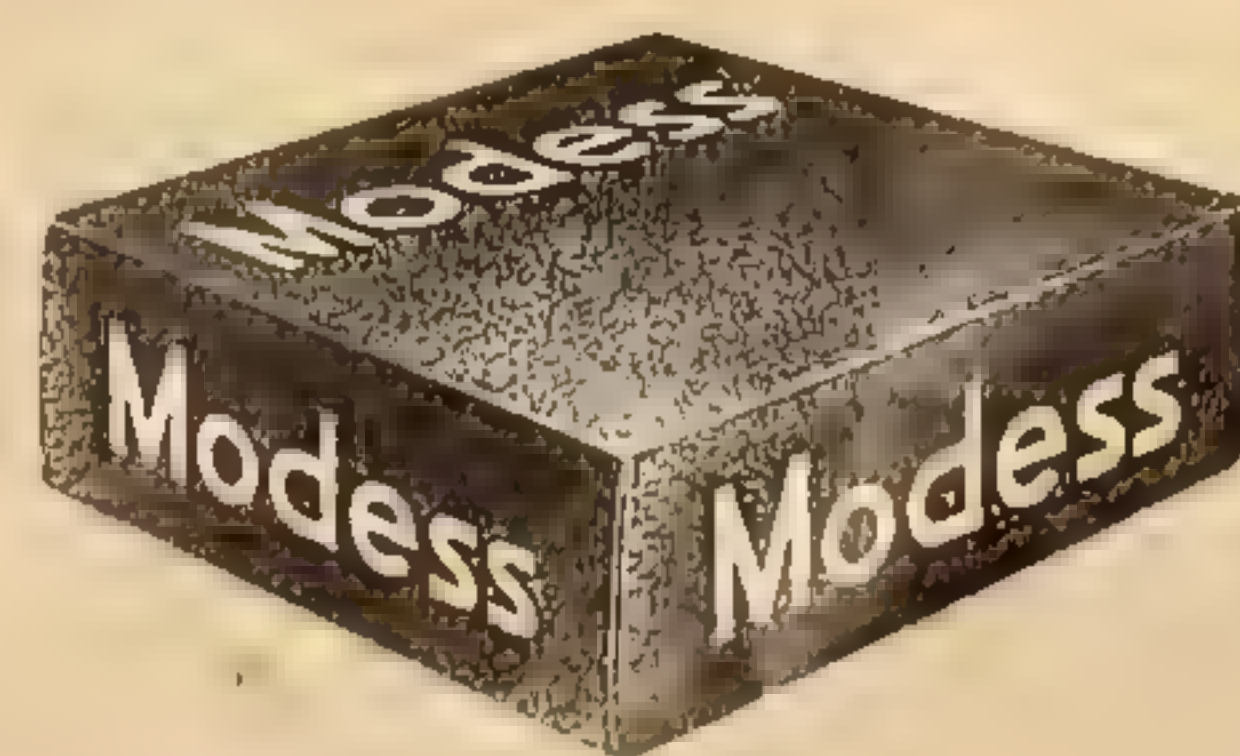


These "8 out of 10" included teen-agers, young marrieds, mothers. But typical of their opinions is this letter of Mrs. E. J. S. "Modess stays soft and absorbent much longer and that's important when I spend long hours taking that soldier's place on the farm." Modess is made with a special softspun filler—not close-packed layers! (No hard tab ends. No telltale out-lines.) Its triple, full-length shield at the back gives full-way protection, not just part-way, as some napkins give. Why not try softer, safer Modess yourself?

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to be deaf. But I'd made up my mind, so I wasn't discouraged. The following summer my girl friend and I lingered outside the outdoor amphitheater when opera was rehearsing; after everyone left I climbed over the fence, onto the stage, and rendered my favorite excerpts from 'Lucia de Lammermoor.' This time there wasn't a deaf janitor."

Instead, Frances Marshall, one of the current opera's stars, who had heard the thrilling young voice and returned. Miss Marshall was so impressed she promptly gave Kathryn two weeks of private lessons, and arranged to send her to New York to study under the noted Sembrich. "But the family was moving again, and being twelve, I naturally went with them."

She attended twenty-one schools altogether. "The highlight was being punished by a teacher for putting soap chips in the soup of one school's biggest tattletale!" By her sixteenth birthday the family was living in Los Angeles. And she wasn't the least bit concerned about the movies. Or dates. All her spare time was devoted to her singing lessons, which her parents proudly planned with her.

Call it Fate. She completely upset Kathryn's intentions when, in the person of a film director's wife, she casually heard of this young girl with the amazing coloratura soprano. Kathryn's range was from G below middle C to C above high C. I'm not exaggerating, either. Mrs. Fate shrewdly insisted that this gifted child sing some samples for Louis B. Mayer.

Such an audition should have dazzled her. Had he been the conductor at the Metropolitan Opera she would have died a thousand deaths, with fear. Miss Zelma Kathryn Elizabeth Hedrick (her real name) had to be coaxed into signing on a dotted M-G-M line. "I think Greer Garson and Margaret Sullavan are the most glamorous creatures in the world," she said straightforwardly, "but I don't want to be anywhere except in the Met."

Mr. Mayer, recognizing the stuff from which great stars are made, retorted by handing her a year's contract guaranteeing that for its entire time she would not have to act. Nor take a film test. Instead, they would pay for her singing lessons and Mrs. Minalethe White, her coach and close friend, was to remain as her guide. She would transfer from public high school to instruction on the lot, winning her regular diploma by senior courses in French, history, math and English. She was to stay overtime for classes in diction and in glamor.

It was too overwhelming to resist. Anyhow, in a year she would be that much further along with her voice—for free. She took the extra-curricular touches in stride. Mr. Mayer had Jack Dawn, the chief makeup man at Metro, give her an extensive course in beauty. Dawn taught her how to care for her skin superbly, how to apply lipstick and mascara. "I had to learn to eat correctly—I mean pay attention to proper diet. I hate routine, but I got it." The only makeup she wears in real life is lipstick, which she paints on. "Without a brush, I'm sunk," she added with a smile. "That's what Mr. Dawn taught me."

Sydney Guilaroff, the top hair stylist, conditioned her into brushing her hair



endlessly, then evolved the most flattering coiffures. Adrian and Shoup and Irene molded her screen wardrobe. Lillian Burns, Metro's dramatic coach, showed her how to enter a room, how to stand, how to sit, how to use her hands, how to walk and talk.

Not always has she been a joy to her teachers. Her speaking voice is so soft it is frequently hard to register it on the mikes. She retains its native strength, explaining she can't speak louder.

She managed ten hours sleep nightly, and a sampling of tennis, badminton and golf, during that strange year. No social stuff, because that didn't appeal to her. And the contract, at her persistence, absolutely guaranteed no publicity. Imagine!

"At the end of the year they amazed me. They took a screen test, and then took up their option for another year." For the first half of it she still didn't have to act, or be publicized. But she studied tap and ballet, and more concentrated dramatic lessons from Miss Burns followed. Then she was cast opposite Mickey Rooney in a "Hardy" comedy. Her click, as you'll remember, was instantaneous. A triumph of star training.

She had to stay in pictures then. She had to accept all that went with it. Gradually she's grown up, into an appreciation of the studio's fine plans for her. She eats everything (and stays beautifully slim anyhow) rather than go in for the calorie-weighing she's been taught. She says the dancing teacher ultimately gave up! This past winter she heard her first grand operas at the Metropolitan, and now she isn't sorry she's screen-singing still. She realizes the scope of film musicals. Meanwhile, she's filled huge Soldiers' Field in Chicago, with Miss Marshall (her discoverer at age twelve) a thrilled listener to a rendition of an aria from "La Traviata," and she's recorded for the best record-making companies. She's made her concert debut on the same stage where Pons, Jepson, Ponselle, Eddy and Tibbett have sung. Rise Stevens, reigning opera star, proclaims that Kathryn has the most promising coloratura in the world.

What's also happened, as you probably have heard, is that Kathryn got what she didn't want in the way of love. Actor John Shelton (now a lieutenant in the Army) was the handsome man who confounded her contention that love was silly. She swears she overlooks his good looks. They met in Lillian Burns's dramatic department and sympathy was their first bond, she confessed. With all the sureness of seventeen, she advised him—and he loved it.

He'd had as tough a time as hers had been silver-plattered. Son of a Los Angeles lawyer, he started acting in small stock companies and then had beginning contracts at RKO and Warners before M-G-M noticed him. Between rôles he went into the agency business, coached in a vocal school. He was used for all the tests with the new girls at Metro, enacting the parts which Gable, Tracy and Taylor filmed. He towered above her (she's but five foot three and he's six foot one) and, being older and disappointed in life and love, it wasn't too



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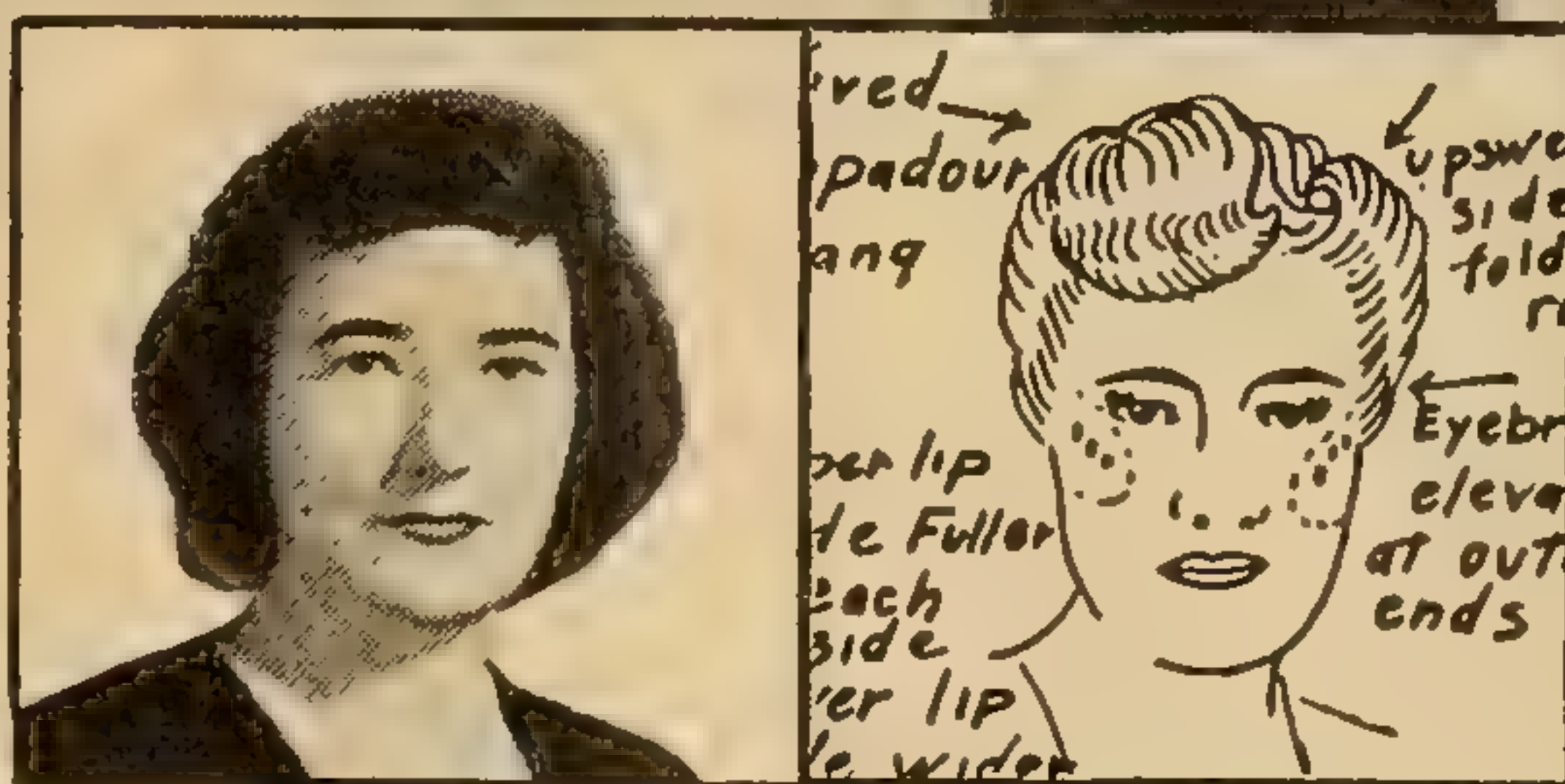
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peculiar that they fell violently in love.

This not only surprised Kathryn; it temporarily stumped her. Two years of her "advice," and golfing, swimming, seeing movies, and telephoning four times a day, and they eloped.

At nineteen she wasn't as smart about marriage as she has since become. She didn't want a Hollywood house, but they got one. Its fourteen rooms were forever filled with extremely social-minded pals. She rose in Hollywood rating, with her career ever carefully molded, as he underwent more bad luck. "The first year was the hardest—for me, all right. Twice I went to court to divorce Johnny." When they quarrelled, impulsively, he'd stay away. She charged incompatibility and mental cruelty, now knows they were both to blame. "We were too moody, too spoiled, really. We both have quick tempers. Then outsiders would butt in with, 'Are you going to put up with that?'"

She admitted she'd abhorred domesticity. "So I never made a real home out of that big house." He enlisted two days after Pearl Harbor; that cinched reunion.

"Be a 100% wife!" she recommends fervently. The only time she has been in Hollywood, back with her parents, is when she couldn't follow Johnny about the country. She lovingly recalls the hunting trip, the first of many, during that hectic first year together. "We got five flat tires, a broken axle, didn't see a deer, and stalled overnight in a snow-storm!" Her life as a soldier's wife has been a greater adjustment.

"At Camp Crowder—when Johnny was there I lived in Joplin, Missouri—we shared an apartment with another couple. Johnny burnt his arm with hot grease showing me how to fix his eggs. First time I tried apple popovers, I opened my oven, my cat skooted by, and I dropped the darned pan on my own leg, so I got burned that time.

"When he went to officers' training school I was more than proud. At Clearwater Beach, Florida, I'd get up at 6 a.m. to cook his breakfast and then as I did my housework I enjoyed sharing washday with my first real girl-friends, other wives I met there. We had bikes and rode five miles to market, lugging supplies in the baskets on the handle bars.

"Once I got such a tough chicken I took it smack back to the butcher, who swore it was all right. 'All right, then, you eat it!' I said, and left it with him. I've learned to wash Johnny's clothes (and was horrified by my tattle-tale gray results at first) and to iron. It first took me all day to house-clean; I really scrubbed everything, and was so awkward and slow at it."

As a consequence of getting what she didn't want, and learning to cherish it, Kathryn's pet phrase is, "Well, that's life!" Her favorite popular tune is "You'll Never Know." She calls her lieutenant *Pops*. Quite a character, don't you think?

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## Bing Exposes the Crosby-Sinatra "Feud"

Continued from page 21

trying to find out what's wrong and doctor it up. I *can't* say, "Gentlemen, you'll have to excuse me. I have an interview."

The only chance I have to conduct my personal business is at lunch so I can't give interviews then. Three or four nights a week I make transcriptions to broadcast to the overseas forces. One night a week I spend with my radio writers. The other nights I play camp shows in this vicinity.

I haven't had an evening at home in so long that when I occasionally barge in for dinner, Dixie and I practically have to be introduced to each other. I used to try to keep the kids away from the studio. Now, if I don't have them over here occasionally I never get to see them. You may glean some idea of the straits to which I—or, rather, my leisure time—am reduced when I tell you I have not had a golf club in my hot little hands for almost six months, except for the 4th Bond Rally at Lakeside Golf Club.

If you, or the members of the Press Club, can tell me how I can fit interviews into this scheme of things I'll try to play ball. Only, in working out the solution, you'll have to take into consideration that I cannot see one without seeing all who want to see me.

I know some of my detractors will point out that I have always been considered stubborn and un-cooperative—long before the war started. Well, I think I told you that afternoon you spent at the house with Dixie and me on your last visit that, even then, I hadn't much leisure. It's human nature to like to pick up a paper or magazine and read stories about yourself or to see your picture in them. I'm no exception.

I told you it wasn't the interviews I objected to. My objection stemmed from the fact that writers would either come to an interview without any definite ideas of what they wanted to talk to me about or with some angle so personal it couldn't be discussed. Then they would hang around all afternoon, floundering in conversation, hoping something would come out of it. They would go home, try to write a story, find they hadn't enough material and then want to come back for another try—usually with no more success than they'd had the first time.

William Powell once remarked to a writer, "There's only so much copy in any of us. When you've been in the business eight or ten years and have had a couple of hundred interviews, your story value is exhausted. After that, no matter how thin you slice it, it's still baloney."

My racing proclivities have been written to death, and if there is anything about my horses that hasn't been covered in the public prints Hope has thoroughly taken care of it on the radio! My golfing activities have been under just as microscopic a scrutiny.

There is nothing about my family life



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that hasn't been put before the public. If Dixie coughs or I sneeze or one of the kids cuts his finger, it's in the papers. If one of us has to have a doctor for any reason, almost before he leaves the house columnists call to find out if we're "expecting" again or if it could have been our lawyer drawing up divorce papers.

We've never cared much about night life. I can't remember the last time we've been in a night club. We don't give large parties any more and if, once in a blue moon, we go to a party there would hardly be a story on "How it feels to be a guest in a star's home."

So what is there for me to talk about to writers, even if I had the time? A more prosaic life than we lead would be hard to imagine. If someone dubbed me "Babbitt in Hollywood" I couldn't argue.

I am afraid I'll just have to go on being "un-cooperative" to the end of the chapter and be grateful, as I am, that I have a few friends like you who are staunch, tolerant, and understanding.

Cordially and appreciatively yours,

*Bing Crosby*

And now, another letter—this one from the Hollywood writer who knows Bing best:

Dear Delight:

In pursuance of your request for a story on Bing, I went over to see him and he showed me a letter he had just written you. I'd like to put in my two bits' worth for, without trying to make him out a martyr, I think he is one of the most misunderstood or, perhaps I should say, *least* understood men in pictures.

Dixie remarked to me not long ago, "When I read of all the war activities of different stars I get so furious my blood pressure jumps 20 points. *Nobody* does more war work than Bing—but you never see a line about it in the papers."

And she's right. Once I suggested to Bing that we do a story about it. "Absolutely no!" he exclaimed vehemently.

"But, Bing," I protested, "all the other stars get so much publicity, and you get none. People wonder what you're doing."

"I can't help that," he replied. "I know what I'm doing. When I play shows for the boys around the different camps *they* know what I'm doing. And the boys overseas know when they hear my transcriptions. They're the only ones who matter, and as long as *they* know I don't care about the rest."

One of the papers runs a huge benefit every Christmas to raise funds to supply baskets to the needy. Last year the benefit fell on the night of Bing's broadcast. He left his radio show with 102 fever, but he went over and played the benefit anyhow.

On Christmas eve, when most people are home with their families, he played three camp shows, got home at 2:00 A.M., was up in time to watch the kids open their presents, and then started out on another camp tour that lasted far into the night.

People criticize him for being self-centered and selfish. He isn't at all. Recently, when Dixie was in the hospital, I was visiting her and Bing was there.

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Suddenly a school girl burst into the room.

"Oh!" she gasped on spotting Bing. Then, quickly recovering herself, rushed on: "I really came to tell Mrs. Crosby, but now I can tell *you*. We had an election at our school to see whether you or Frank Sinatra was most popular and you got a thousand votes and Sinatra only got five."

"That's very flattering," Bing grinned, "but why did you have an election? Can't you like both of us?"

"No, we can't," the girl snapped. "We resent Sinatra trying to steal the spotlight from you."

"I don't think he's trying to do that," Bing drawled. "He's just trying to make a living. Mrs. Crosby and I both like Frank. He's a nice boy, and we're both happy he's made the hit he has. He sings one way and I sing another. Some people prefer one style and others the other, so we can't see what this fuss is all about."

And he and Dixie both honestly feel that way.

His acts of kindness are legion. A former star who has always been a close friend of his and Dixie's had a run of tough luck. Bing heard of it accidentally through her attorney. He gave the attorney a check for \$1,500, told him to tell the girl one of her investments had paid a dividend and not to let her know where the money came from. He was afraid she would be embarrassed.

On another occasion, Dixie's manicurist or hairdresser had to have an expensive operation. Bing told Dixie to send



Cream of the talent crop appears in RKO's new musical, "Show Business," starring Eddie Cantor and two of the creamiest are George Murphy and Constance Moore.

her to the best hospital in town, have their own surgeon perform the operation and to pay all expenses.

But those are the things you never hear about Bing.

Personally, I think most of our stars could take a much-needed lesson from Bing on how to wear success meekly. He *isn't* un-cooperative. He *isn't* un-appreciative, and he *isn't* self-centered. It's only that the things by which most

of Hollywood sets such great store seem unimportant to him and he is too blamed lazy to do anything to correct the impression Hollywood has of him. Hollywood, on its side, is too indifferent and also too lazy to try to find out the truth about him.

Yours for a better understanding,

*Dick Mook*

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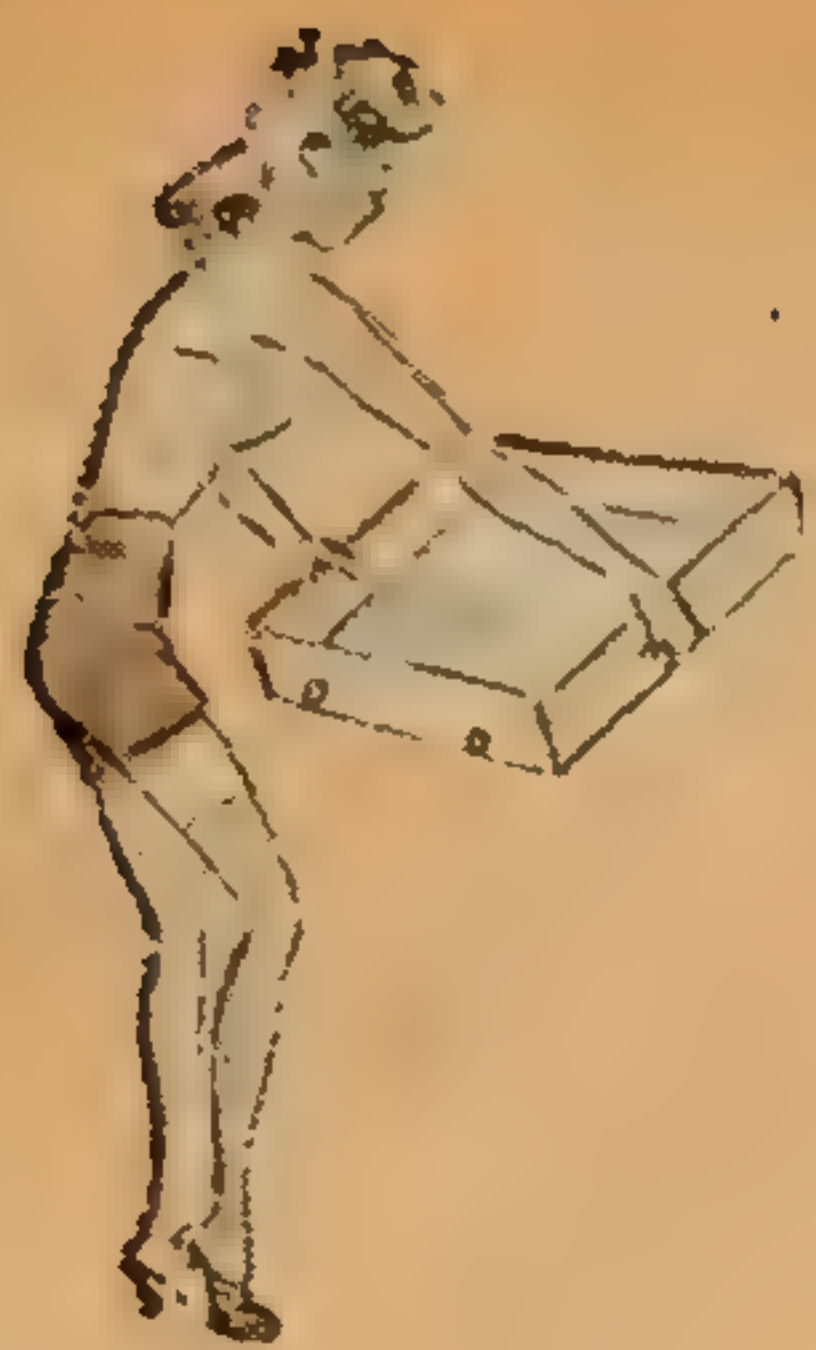
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## Strange Confession

Continued from page 35

the reality of her in his arms, but even as they began to dance a guest came up and claimed the waltz as his own. But Fedja smiled and took her dance card.

"I'll make sure whose dance this is," he smiled. "And every dance on the program." And as he spoke he wrote the words, *I love you*, over the whole card, and Nadina flushed happily as he took her in his arms.

"Oh, Fedja, you're so absurd," she whispered, her voice lifting to the happiness in her eyes. But afterwards when the Count came over to them, insisting Fedja must have one dance with the bride, all the happiness was gone and only that small nameless fear remained.

For all his experience with women, Fedja felt frightened too as Olga pressed herself so closely against him as they danced off.

"Fedja," she said, "the Count says you are going to marry her. Do you love her?"

"Yes," he said.

She looked at him, unable to comprehend. "Don't you love me?" she asked. Then as he nodded, her eyes darkened. "No! You can't love me if you love her, can you?"

"Darling, I'm insane about you!" His lips brushed against her cheek as he spoke. "But it can't be."

"Why?" she demanded.

"We can't discuss it here, darling," he said uneasily. "People are watching." But he couldn't put her off so easily. She maneuvered it so that they danced out of the ballroom into the small ante-room and he had to answer the question in her eyes. "We can never be happy together, Olenka," he said softly. "You know it as well as I do."

"We can never be happy apart!" she said stormily. "At least I can't. I'll never give you up."

"But, little one," he said softly, "I'm engaged and you—"

Her protesting voice cut sharply into his words. "Hasn't a peasant girl as much right to her love as a lady?" she demanded. Then her eyes softened and she smiled as she looked up at the mirror behind him and saw Nadina's reflection in it. "Fedja, darling," she whispered persuasively, "kiss me." And as he took her in his arms Olga could hardly restrain a triumphant laugh as she saw Nadina look at them in that anguished way, as her dance card fell from her trembling fingers.

It was as he and Olga were leaving that Fedja saw the card lying there on the threshold, and even before the Count told him that Nadina had left he knew that she had seen. All the next day as he presided over the courtroom his heart was heavy thinking of her and wondering if she would be at their trysting place to meet him that afternoon. And his heart lifted with elation as he found her waiting there at the place they had met so often to go riding.

"I thought I would go mad today," he said, as he jumped from his saddle. "You left so suddenly last night without saying goodbye to me."

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## GOODBYE MY LOVE

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### CAST

Fedja.....GEORGE SANDERS  
Olga.....LINDA DARNELL  
Nadina.....ANNA LEE  
Count Volsky.....  
...EDWARD EVERETT HORTON  
Urbanin.....HUGO HAAS  
Gregory.....ROBERT GRIEG  
Mr. Kalenin.....ANDRE CHARLOT  
Mrs. Kalenin.....MARY SERVOS  
Produced by Seymour Nebenzal. Directed by Douglas Sirk. Film based on Anton Chekov's novel, "The Shooting Party."

"No, Fedja," she said calmly, and only her hands tightening on her horse's reins showed her turmoil. "I said goodbye to you last night. Please don't try to explain. We are as we are, and that's all there is to it."

Her calmness infuriated him. "You can't tear down everything we've tried to build, our whole future, because of one incident, one moment of insanity!" he protested. "I'm to be judged guilty without being allowed one word in my own defense! Let me tell you this, the women I've been associated with all my life may not have been paragons of virtue, but they weren't smug and pretentious, and they didn't spy on me."

That uncontrollable rage that swept over him at times, taking all reason away with it, surged through him as he turned and mounted his horse, and he didn't look back so he didn't see her eyes fill with tears as she stared after him. And it was as if something stronger than his will pulled him towards the Count's estate and to the overseer's cottage.

It was dusk, and Olga's face looked like a luminous white flower in the shadows of the garden. "Do you love me?" she asked. And then as he kissed her, she looked up triumphantly. "What would your Miss Kalenin say to that?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said, and it was strange how lonely he felt even in Olga's arms.

"Has she given you up?" Her laugh came then, "Oh, Fedja, I'll make you happier than she ever would. We'll go to America where no one cares whether I'm a peasant or you're a nobleman or what we are."

"We need money for that," Fedja said. "You forget I'm not a Count."

"I've forgotten everything except that I love you," she whispered. "I'd steal for you, Fedja. I'd do anything for you."

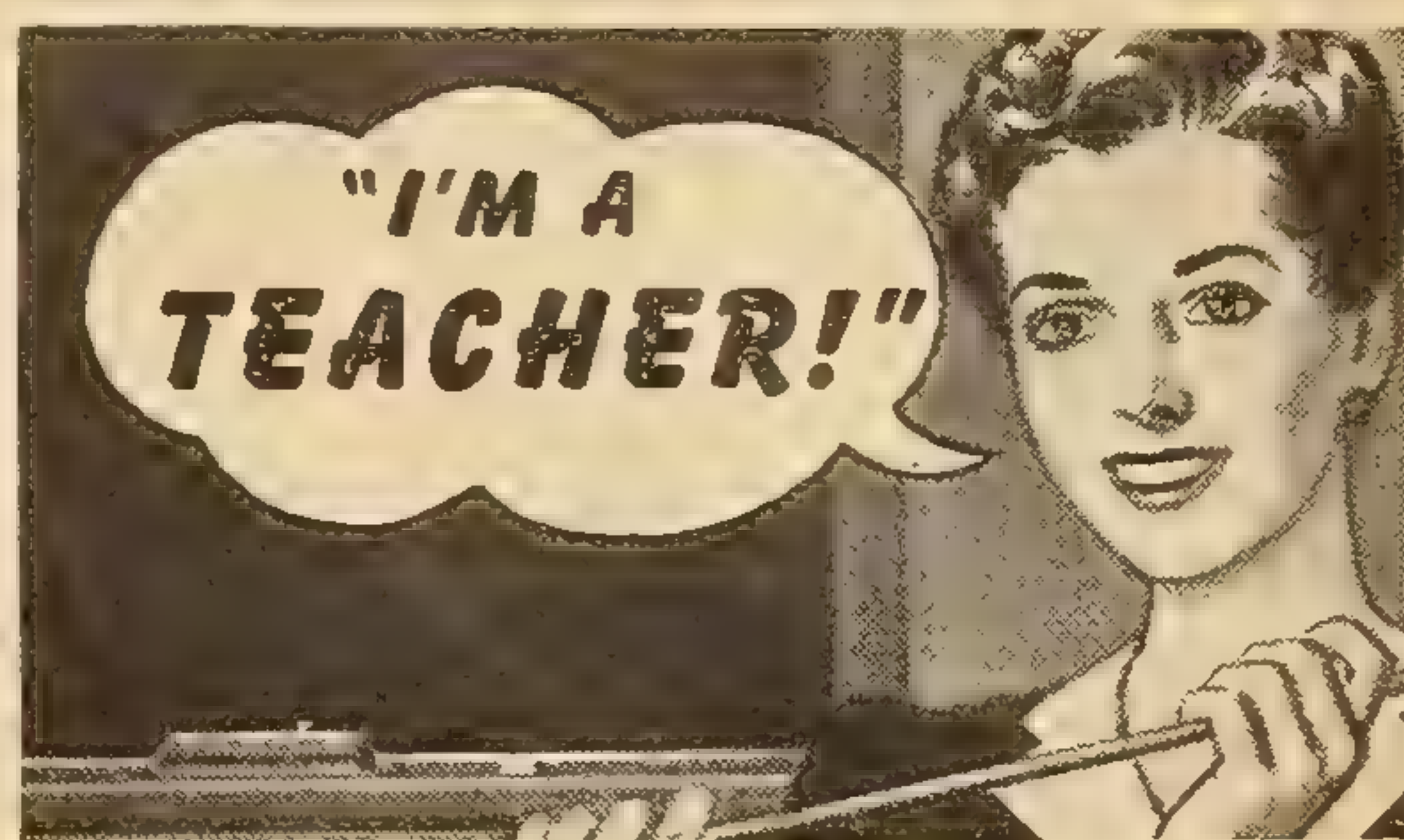
He never forgot the weeks that followed, their stolen meetings, the presents he loved to bring her and the way he tried to still the doubts in his heart when he saw the dresses she was wearing, the dresses only a Count could afford to buy for his love. He was a fool, he told himself afterwards, seeing the fatuous way the Count would look at the girl, not to have seen her for what she was while there was still time.

But in those weeks nothing mattered but the times they could be together, and his feelings alternated between the enchantment of being with her and the feeling of guilt and wounded pride when-

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ever he happened to meet his once beloved Nadina.

Then one day Urbenin came to him, and Fedja couldn't hold back his apprehension as the man spoke.

"I've come to see you about my wife," he said. "You've always been kind to me, Judge Petroff, and I have no one to turn to for advice. I know I'm not rich and goodlooking and that I'm too old for her, but I could have made her contented. But what chance did I have when he came along with his presents, his fine words and promises?"

"Who?" Fedja demanded nervously. "For heaven's sake, man, speak clearly. Who?"

"Count Volsky, your honor," the man said, and Fedja felt as if he could breathe again.

Urbenin looked at him beseechingly. "No one is as close to the Count as you are," he said. "I thought perhaps you might speak to him."

"No." Fedja's smile twisted. "Life is full of strange ironies, my friend. I'm sorry, but I'm not the man to speak in your behalf."

The pity he had formerly felt for the girl was there for the husband now as Urbenin shuffled disconsolately from the room. Then he dismissed it with a shrug as the telephone rang, and the Count's voice shouted on the wire.

"I've been robbed, Fedja! All the family jewels, the rings, watches, the pearl necklace I gave my wife, may her soul rest in peace! And my own collection of stick pins, studs and cuff links, everything, gone. You'll have to take charge, Fedja, immediately."

It was as if a veil had suddenly been drawn from Fedja's eyes and he saw Olga for what she was, not consciously evil maybe, but the instrument of evil, and intuitively he knew that whoever associated with her would fall under an evil spell. For even that loveliness of hers couldn't entirely explain the power she seemed to have over every man who had once looked into her eyes. And the enchantment was no longer in his eyes when he went to her.

"Where are the jewels?" he asked coldly, then as she pretended not to understand he grabbed her roughly by the shoulders. "If you won't produce them voluntarily, I'll search the house."

"Don't be a fool!" Her eyes narrowed. "I took them for you. They're worth a fortune. We could go to America. We could live on them for years."

"On stolen money?" he asked grimly. "But Fedja," she was all innocence again looking up at him, "it was only for you that I took them."

He pushed her away and began searching the room and her eyes betrayed her secret as she gave a quick, involuntary glance toward the ikon in the corner of the room. Even as she cried out protestingly he strode over to it and found the jewels there behind the holy image. Then as he turned to confront her the door opened and the Count came in followed by the protesting Urbenin, and Olga ran to the nobleman as if she were entreating his protection.

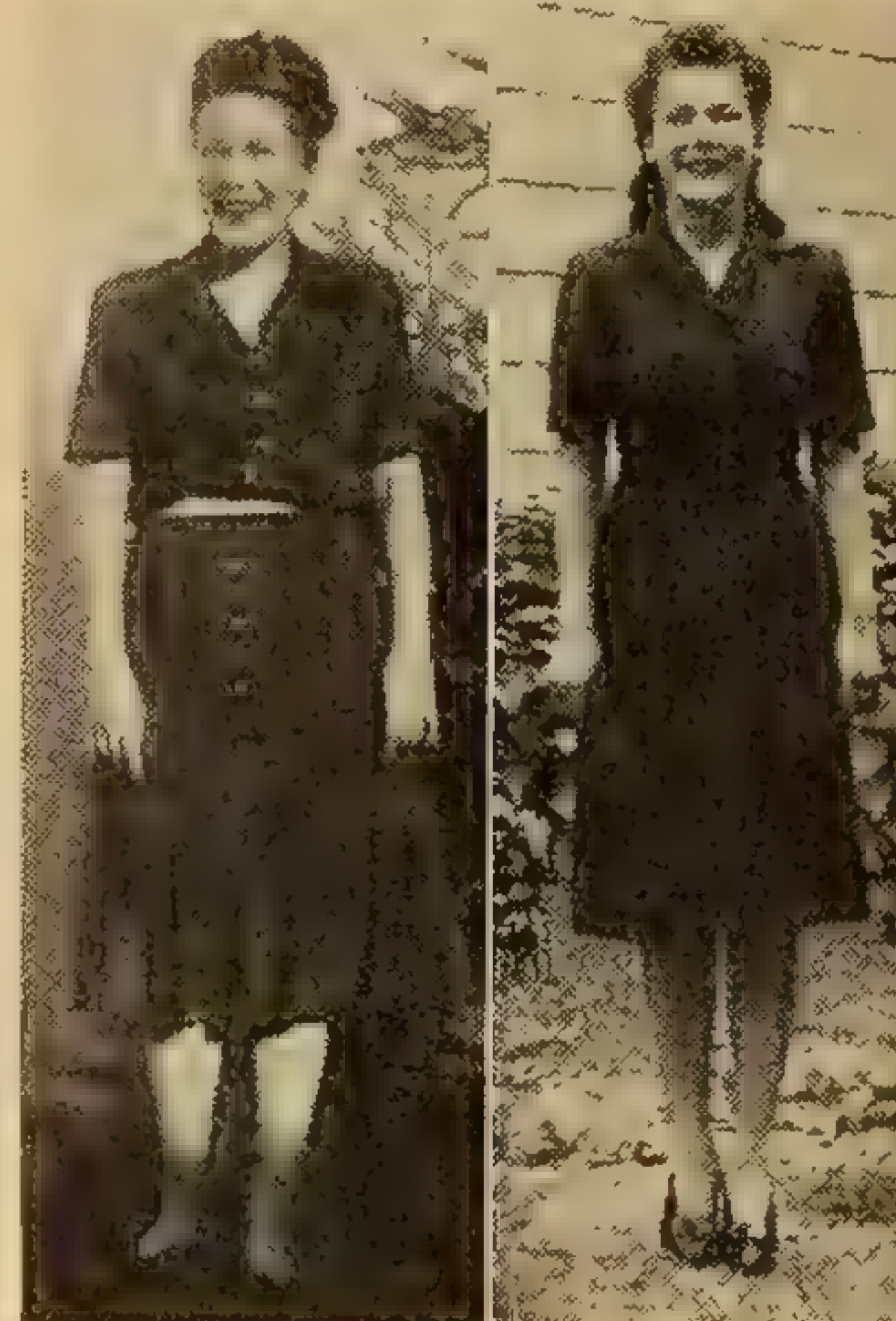
"Ma chere," the Count whispered consolingly. "I know you have nothing to do with it." He turned pompously to

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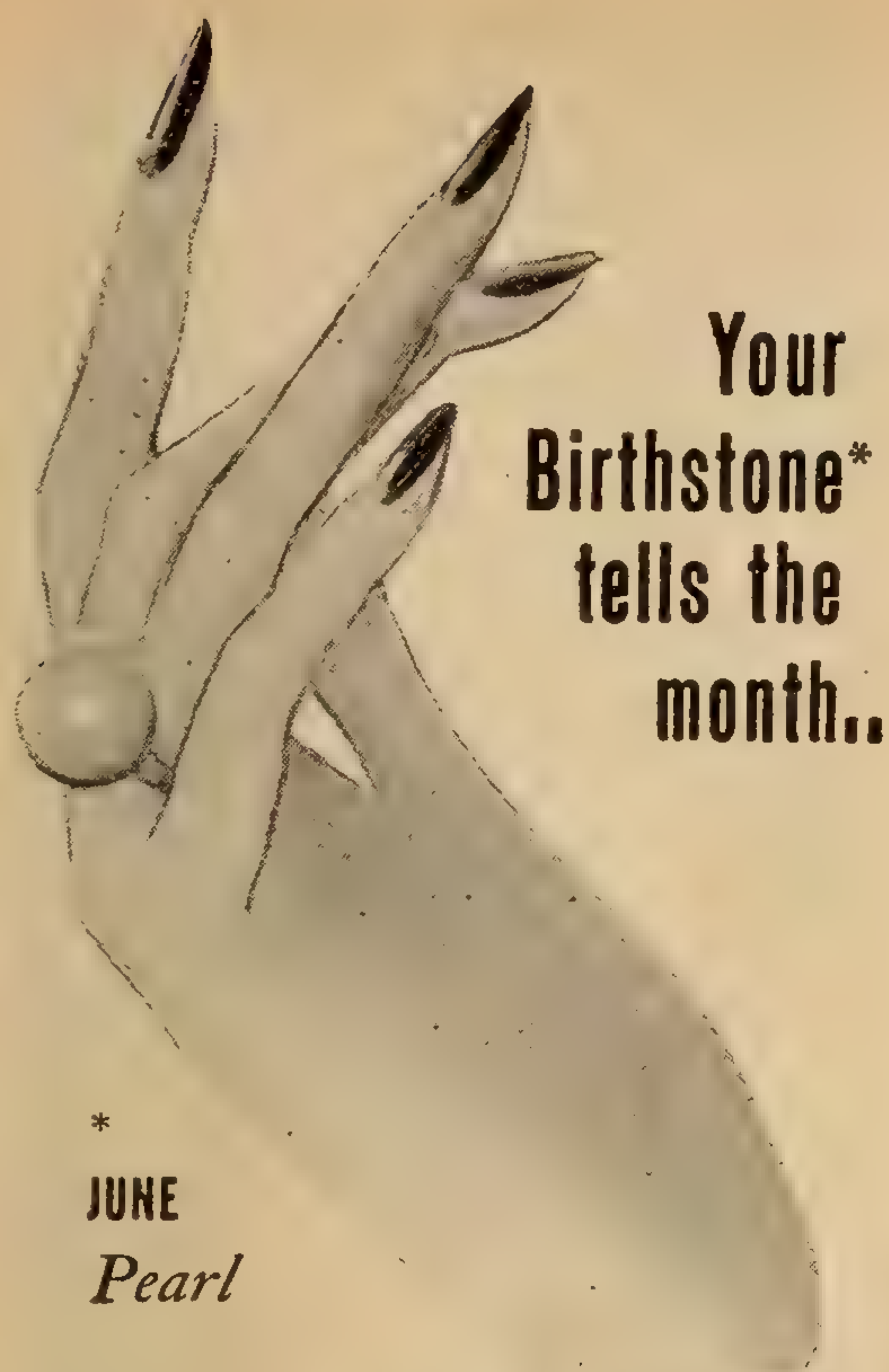
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Fedja. "Arrest Urbenin immediately."

"No!" Fedja gave him a stony look. "I refuse. He is not the thief."

"Who else can be the thief?" the Count demanded testily. "Certainly not Olga." Then as Fedja stood there adamant he turned furiously upon the overseer. "Get off my property!"

There was nothing Fedja could do, and he felt guiltier than ever as Urbenin looked at him with dazed eyes, thanking him for not arresting him. But his hatred for Olga was growing as quickly as his infatuation for her had grown and later when she came running over to the manor house begging the Count's protection and accusing her husband of beating her, Fedja knew he could do nothing to stop the Count's growing infatuation.

He sat there seeing her beguile the older man as she had once beguiled him with her pretty childlike ways and the Count was so entranced that he even overlooked her brazenness when she came to them just before dinner arrayed in his dead wife's most beautiful gown.

"Do you mind?" she asked prettily. "It was there in the wardrobe. I had to try it on." And then as the Count stared, speechless before her loveliness, she went on eagerly: "Can I wear it sometimes, darling? I mean really wear it so others can see?"

"But it's a wedding gown!" The Count shifted a little before her crestfallen eyes. Then as she came closer the fatuous smile came again. "Of course you can wear it," he said. "As soon as we get your divorce. You do love me, darling, don't you?"

"Of course," she whispered. "You should ask Fedja to be your best man." And then, mockingly, she looked the judge full in the eyes. "It didn't turn out as you thought it would, did it?" she asked.

She had won, and she couldn't contain her triumph. It was the thing she had set out to do from the beginning, to step on men's hearts and mount on them to the only thing she wanted, money and position. And it was for this Fedja had thrown away Nadina's love.

He stayed for the shooting party the Count was giving the next morning, but long before it was over he left seeking the church in the village where Nadina went so often to pray. He had often smiled a little mockingly before when he used to ask if it was for him she prayed, but now there was no smile on his lips when he saw her kneeling before the altar and went over to her, kneeling beside her.

"Do you still pray for me?" he asked as she rose.

"Yes, Fedja," she said in her quiet way. And then shyly, "We're leaving for Kharkov tonight. My father has consented to allow me to read manuscripts for him."

He looked at her and the full realization of what he had lost was like a weight in his heart. "Have I hurt you a great deal?" he asked. And then as only the tears in her eyes answered, he took her hand. "Of course I have," he said. "But it is not I who have made you suffer."

"No," she said. "We are not free. An unknown power drives us relentlessly



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toward a good or evil end. There's no escape from one's destiny."

He raised her hand to his lips. "I still like to know that you pray for me," he whispered, "however lost the cause."

They stood there staring at each other for a moment. "Goodbye," she whispered. And then almost inaudibly, "Goodbye, my love." But he made no move toward her and he was still standing there, looking at the door she had just passed through, when the police came to him telling him they had found Olga's murdered body in the copse near the manor house, with the bloodstained Urbenin weeping over it.

Everyone was amazed when Fedja resigned from the bench to take charge of Urbenin's defense but even more they were amazed by the vehemence of his plea for the man's life. It was almost as if he were pleading for someone of importance, almost as if it was his own life he was defending as he poured out those impassioned words begging that the jury spare the overseer's life, pointing out that jealousy such as the man had felt was enough to drive a man insane, and an insane man must not be executed.

It was that plea that saved Urbenin's life, but from the day he was sentenced to spend the remainder of his life in an institution for the criminally insane. Fedja knew no peace. For he knew that there was no going back, that a person had to go on and on wherever his destiny led, and that men were trapped only by their own weaknesses.

So Fedja was driven, wading further and further into the degradation of reality, and he knew that the greatest punishment a criminal could suffer was the unfulfilled desire to confess. He knew that because it was he who had killed Olga that summer's day in the copse on the Count's estate. He had not planned it, it was just that as he left the shooting party overwhelmed with the desire to see Nadina, fate had ordained that he meet Olga there in the woods.

"Why shouldn't I marry the Count?" she had taunted. "Oh, I know he's not very bright and he's not young, but I can have jewels and pretty clothes and everybody will bow down to me. For I will be the Countess Olga Volsky and have everything I want, *everything*, even you, Fedja!"

And because he knew it was true, because he knew that though he hated and despised her he would never be strong enough to stay away from her, he killed her. And it was part of the pattern of destruction of which his life was made that Urbenin should have come along afterwards looking for her and been judged guilty of her death.

The burden of his crime wouldn't leave Fedja. He had killed a woman and sent a man to an asylum for life and yet he dared not confess, not even to Volsky who was his friend and whose poverty he had shared ever since the revolution had beggared both of them. And it was to ease the awful burden that he finally wrote the strange confession he had planned no one should ever read.

Nadina's hands were trembling as she closed the manuscript at last.

"May God have mercy on you, Fedja," she whispered. And she wondered what



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she should do. For after having read it and knowing Fedja's guilt she would be a partner in his crime if she did not report him to the authorities.

Suddenly she tensed as she heard steps in the passageway outside and quickly thrust the manuscript into a drawer of the desk. And then her heart almost stopped beating as she looked up and saw Fedja standing there.

"So you read it?" he asked quietly. And then as she nodded he looked at her desperately. "I came just as soon as Volsky told me he had left it here. But it was not soon enough. May I have the manuscript?"

"No." Somehow she found the word. Somehow she found the strength to look at him so quietly. "Do you think I could go on day after day knowing what that manuscript told me and shrug it off and say, 'well, I wasn't supposed to read it?' No, Fedja, that's impossible." And then as he took a quick step toward her she shook her head wearily. "It won't do you any good to look for it here. It's gone. It was posted by the clerk just before you came."

"Gone?" He looked at her with glazed eyes. "Gone?" Suddenly he looked out of the window and saw the postman leaving the building and with a strangled cry he rushed after him out on the street.

She called to him as she hurried after him and saw him arguing with the postman. She called to him to wait, telling him she had lied. But she was too late. As he tried to wrest the postman's bag from him, a police officer rushed over to them and as Fedja began to run, the man shot him.

He was lying on the street when she reached him, his smile twisting in its old, remembered way.

"Fedja!" she whispered frantically. "It wasn't true. I didn't send it to the police."

"No?" He looked at her and now the mockery was gone from his smile, leaving only the sweetness. "Hold me close, darling. Funny, it was you, Nadina, who made me do the right thing by accident!"

His head fell heavily on her shoulder and she knew he was out of his torment at last. Then as she saw the policeman going through the dead man's wallet, she saw the dance card he took out of it and she could see the way the words were blurred on it as if a man's tears had fallen on them. And suddenly she had the strength to rise and go to the officer.

"Give me that card!" She tore it away from him. "It's mine."

The policeman looked at her in amazement. "Yours, Miss?" he asked. "Then you must have known him?"

But Nadina did not hear him. Her thoughts were far away, and it was seven years ago and it was summer, and Fedja was holding her in his arms. And now it was her tears that fell on the words that had been scrawled on that dance card, the words that she had never been able to erase from her heart.

"I love you," she whispered. And even though it was too late, it helped saying them: "I love you. I love you!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Strange Confession" will be released under the title, "Good-bye, My Love."

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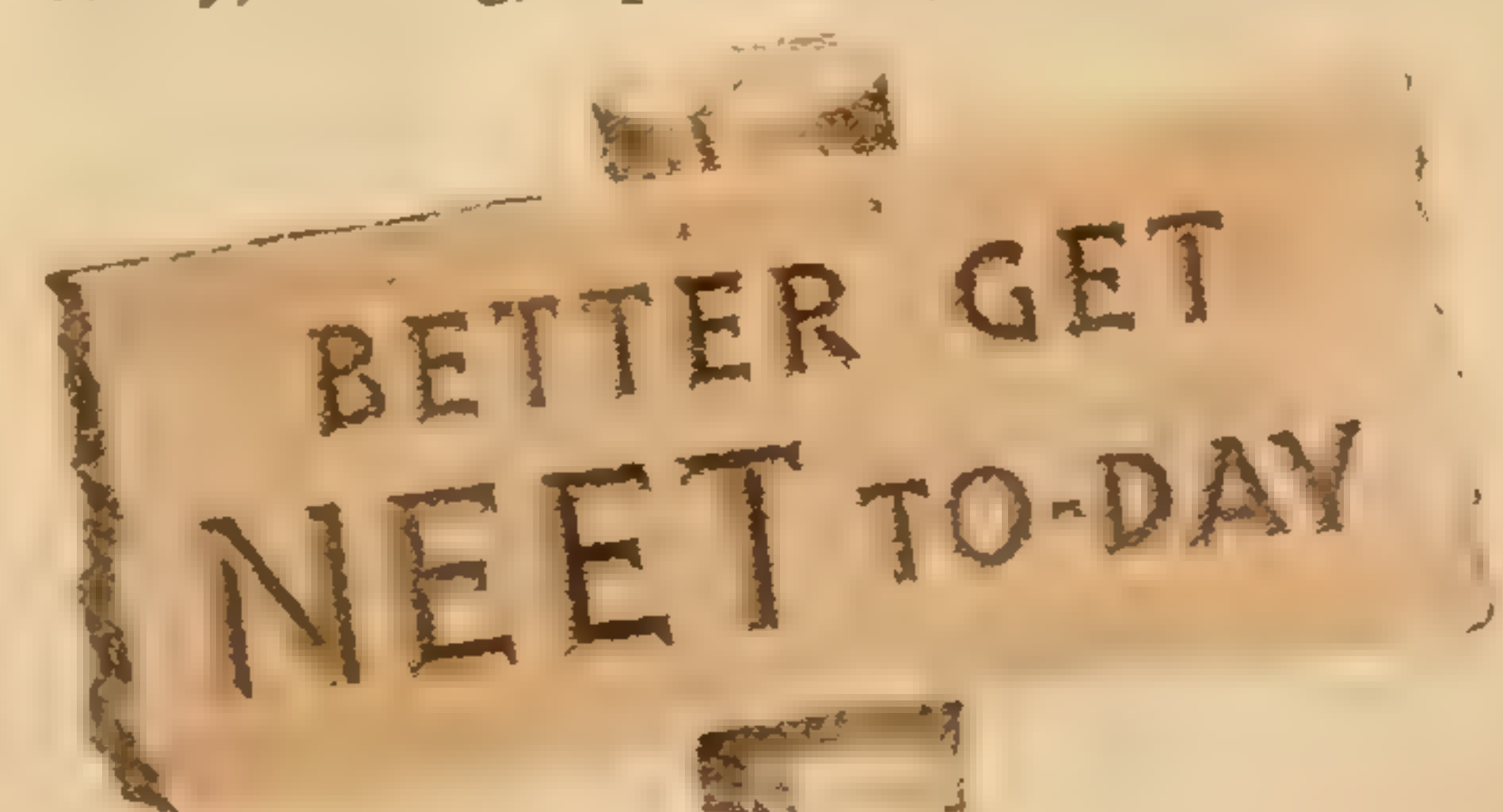


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Lt. William Holden finds wife Brenda Marshall so nice to come home to—as who wouldn't?

## Stewart Isn't Shy Any More!

Continued from page 29

necked at the bomb damage and groped his way along Piccadilly in the black-out. He has dined formally with Mr. and Mrs. John Winant at the stately Embassy in Grosvenor Square.

But all this is only the incidental side of Jimmy's life in Britain, the brief spells of relaxation well-deserved and earned. Like the thousands of other keen young Americans now in England, he has come to do a job of work and that is his principal preoccupation now.

It is when you see him walking out on to the giant airfield wearing his flying suit with his eyes serious and steady below the helmet's rim that you understand where Jimmy has gained his self-confidence. The Air Force itself has fostered it in him, as it has done in so many other men, imbuing them with its own grand spirit of comradeship and mutual help, giving them a sense of purpose and of the rightness and justice of their mission in the skies. Above all, it has taught them that every man who flies must be able to rely upon himself implicitly, not only for the sake of his own survival but also because the lives of the others with him so often depend entirely on his cool-headed judgment.

How thoroughly Jimmy Stewart has learned this is reflected not only in his personal manner but in the calm efficient way he commands his craft. That mobile mouth which twists into such an engaging half-shy smile at the girl on the screen is now more often a straight line of snappy determination. He is commander of a Liberator bomber squadron, his own plane called aptly if rather unromantically "Tenovus." The other nine members of the crew are unanimous in pronouncing that "the Skipper is a good guy," high praise from fliers whose clear eyes see far beyond superficialities.

When Jimmy talks about his job he is as earnest as the rest of them. "Of course I was anxious to get going," he says simply. "I don't see how one can help being eager to get into action after com-

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ing over here and seeing what is really going on." He doesn't indulge in mock heroics or high-pitched sentiment. He knows he has dangerous days ahead of him but he faces them calmly and courageously.

Like all the boys in uniform, he sometimes pauses awhile to dream nostalgically of peace and what he wants it to bring him. "I certainly mean to go back to Hollywood. It's my home now and all my best friends live there. Yes, I want to act again, too, even though it may have to be the part of Mickey Rooney's grandfather if this war goes on long enough. I'd like to do another rôle like *Mr. Smith*, not necessarily with a Washington background again but something that does hand out a bouquet to the ordinary man. You begin to appreciate just how swell he is when you live beside him in the Army." His studio contract calls for him to report in Hollywood one month after he receives his discharge from the U. S. Forces.

So you can still look forward to seeing Jimmy on the screen again in the future, shy no longer but with a quietly confident personality that seems completely attuned to these days in which we live, when action molds men's characters and gives them experience to color all their years ahead.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *He's Major Jimmy Stewart now, has made ten successful flights over Germany.*

## Esther's No Dummy!

Continued from page 40

was Southern California and Far Western champion. Also in 1939 Esther took the 300-meter medley national championship, was a member of the champion 400-meter free style relay team, and set a national record for the 100-meter breast stroke. But when the Olympics were called off Esther, a practical person, lost her interest in winning cups. She was eighteen, and it was high time she was making her own living. She got a job modeling clothes at Magnin's in Los Angeles. One of her best customers was Lana Turner, who relied entirely upon Esther's advice about her clothes.

One morning while she was parading around in a little something *trés* expensive for the appreciative eyes of the Junior League, she received a phone call from Billy Rose. Seems that Mr. Rose was opening an Aquacade at the World's Fair in San Francisco, and he wanted her for one of his stars, that is, if he liked the way she swam. He had to take a plane out that afternoon so she had better hop right over to the Ambassador pool at once for a try-out. And that's when the producers first learned that in Esther Williams they had a girl who could say "No." "I work at Magnin's until five," she told the excitable Rose "I'll be at the pool at five-thirty if you want to wait." Billy Rose waited.

At the Ambassador pool Rose kept her swimming for three hours, waiting for her to tire. But that was child's play for Esther, who was used to swimming three to six miles in the Pacific regularly. "Well," he said finally, "if you're

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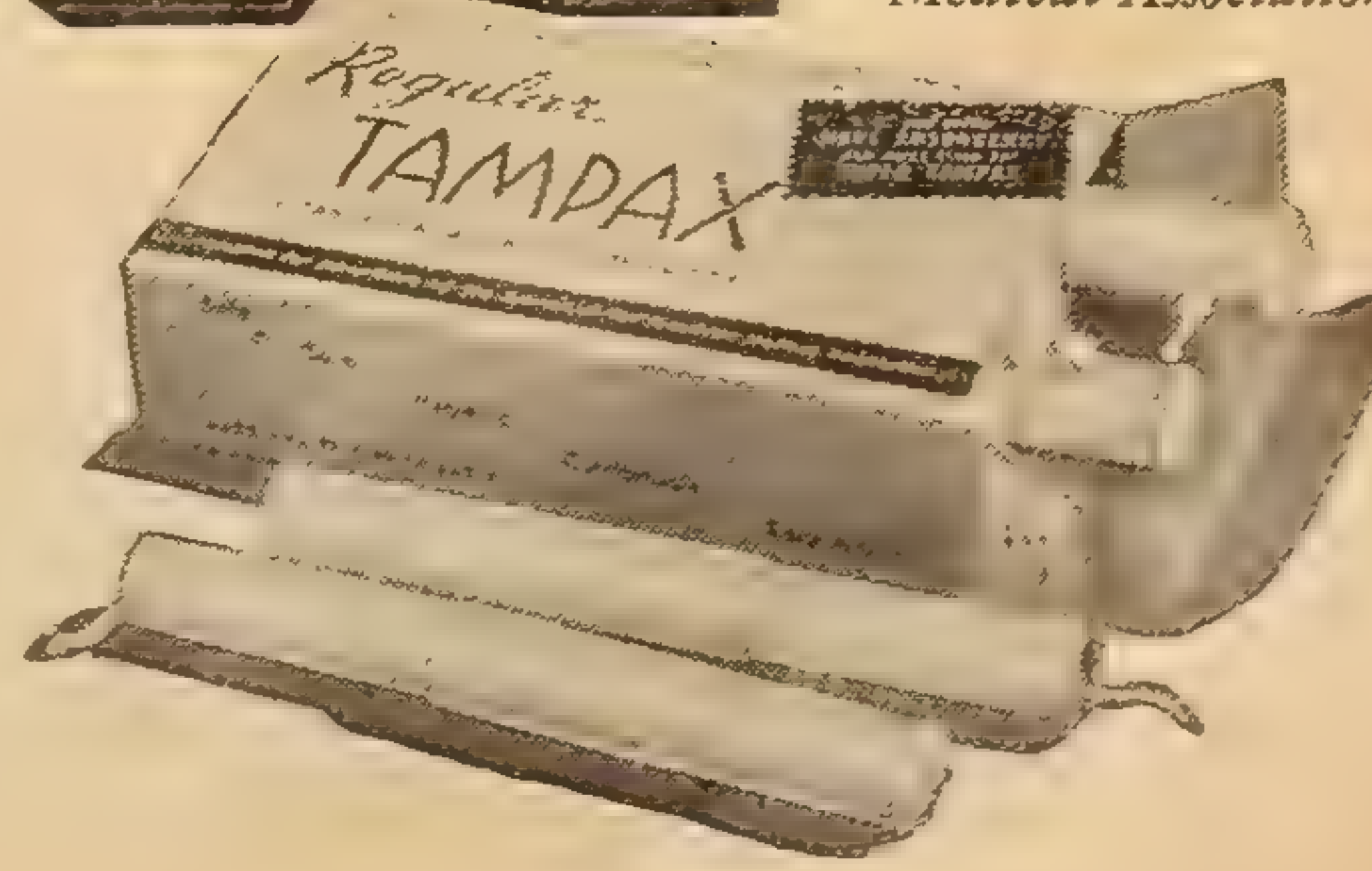
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going to swim for me you've got to learn to swim like a girl—what you're doing isn't pretty." He offered her \$40 a week. Esther said thanks, but she could do better at modeling. Rose gradually raised the ante and Esther signed a contract to co-star with Johnny Weissmuller at the Aquacade in San Francisco. In the meantime she learned to swim like a girl.

While she was playing mermaid at the Aquacade the news got around Hollywood that smart little Billy Rose had a mighty tasty-looking dish under contract. The studios sent talent scouts to San Francisco, well equipped with contracts and fountain pens. But as far as Esther was concerned the only exciting, and nice, thing that happened to her during the World's Fair was her marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner. She met Dr. Kovner when both of them were attending classes at U.S.C.

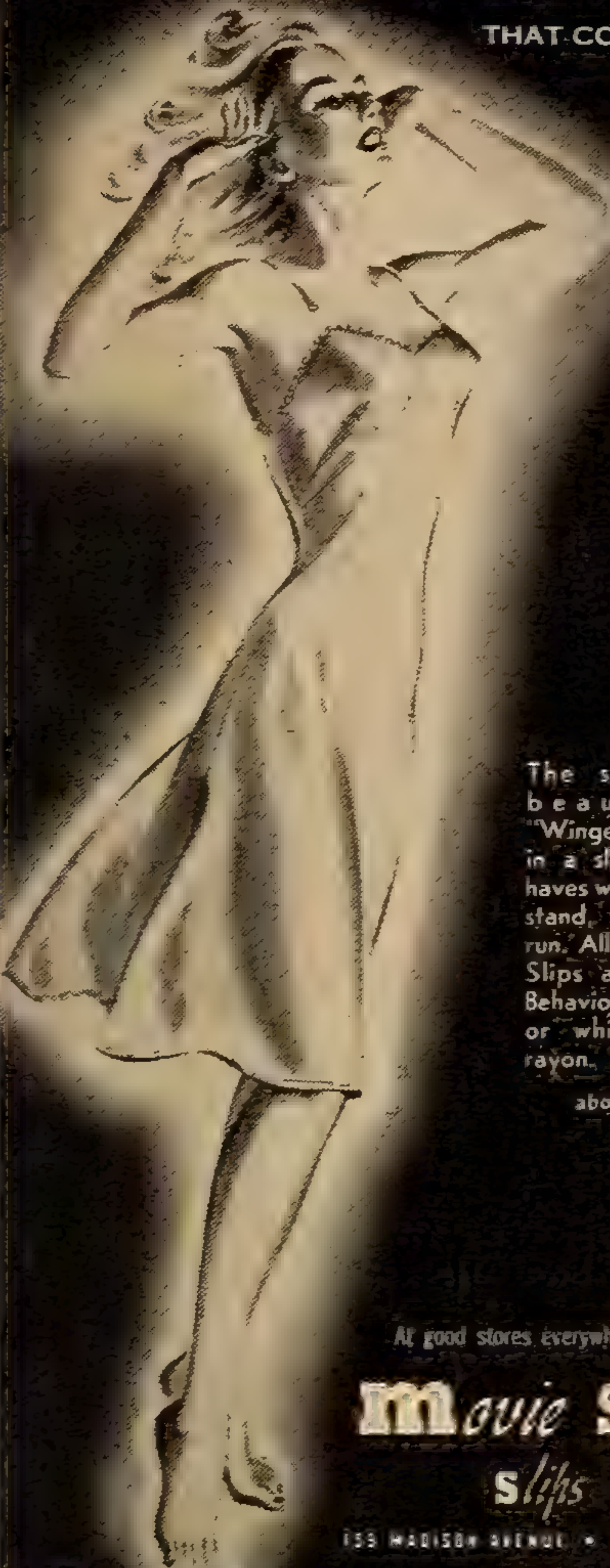
They decided to get married while Esther was in San Francisco swimming out her contract with Billy Rose. They filed their intention to wed one weekend, and planned to have the ceremony the next. Then it was that Esther got her first dose of publicity. And it made her sick. The press agent for the Aquacade heard about the wedding and asked her if he could plan the ceremony. Esther, living in a dream world all her own, said, "All right, provided it's held in a church. Not on the Aquacade stage." So the aggressive young man went out and rented the largest Catholic Church in San Francisco—the fact that neither Esther nor Dr. Kovner were Catholics didn't seem to bother him. He also rented from a costumer a bridal outfit for Esther, bridesmaid costumes for twelve of the tallest girls in the show, and white tie and tails for Johnny Weissmuller, who was supposed to give the bride away. Saturday found the church swarming with photographers, reporters, bathing beauties, and spectators invited in off the streets to help fill the church.

Someone tipped Esther off what was going on, and an hour before the ceremony was supposed to take place she and Dr. Kovner got in their car and drove in the opposite direction. They found a lovely old vine-covered church in a nearby town, and were married quietly by a minister with his wife and daughter as witnesses. They ate lunch at a country inn, and were back in time for the 2 o'clock show at the Aquacade. The frustrated press agent gave her the dickens. He informed her that as long as she lived she'd never get a line of publicity in any newspaper. The next day he had quite a jolt when he read stories in all the papers, certainly not planted by him, congratulating Esther on running out on her cheap publicity wedding.

Esther had another run-in with the publicity department of the Aquacade while she was in San Francisco. It happened one day when there was a broadcast backstage and the announcer made an ungentlemanly remark about the bride and groom. Dr. Kovner promptly strode across the stage and socked the guy. It was something new in sound effects for the open mike. Another radio man immediately grabbed the script, pulled Esther to the mike, and began asking her questions. "Well, Miss Wil-



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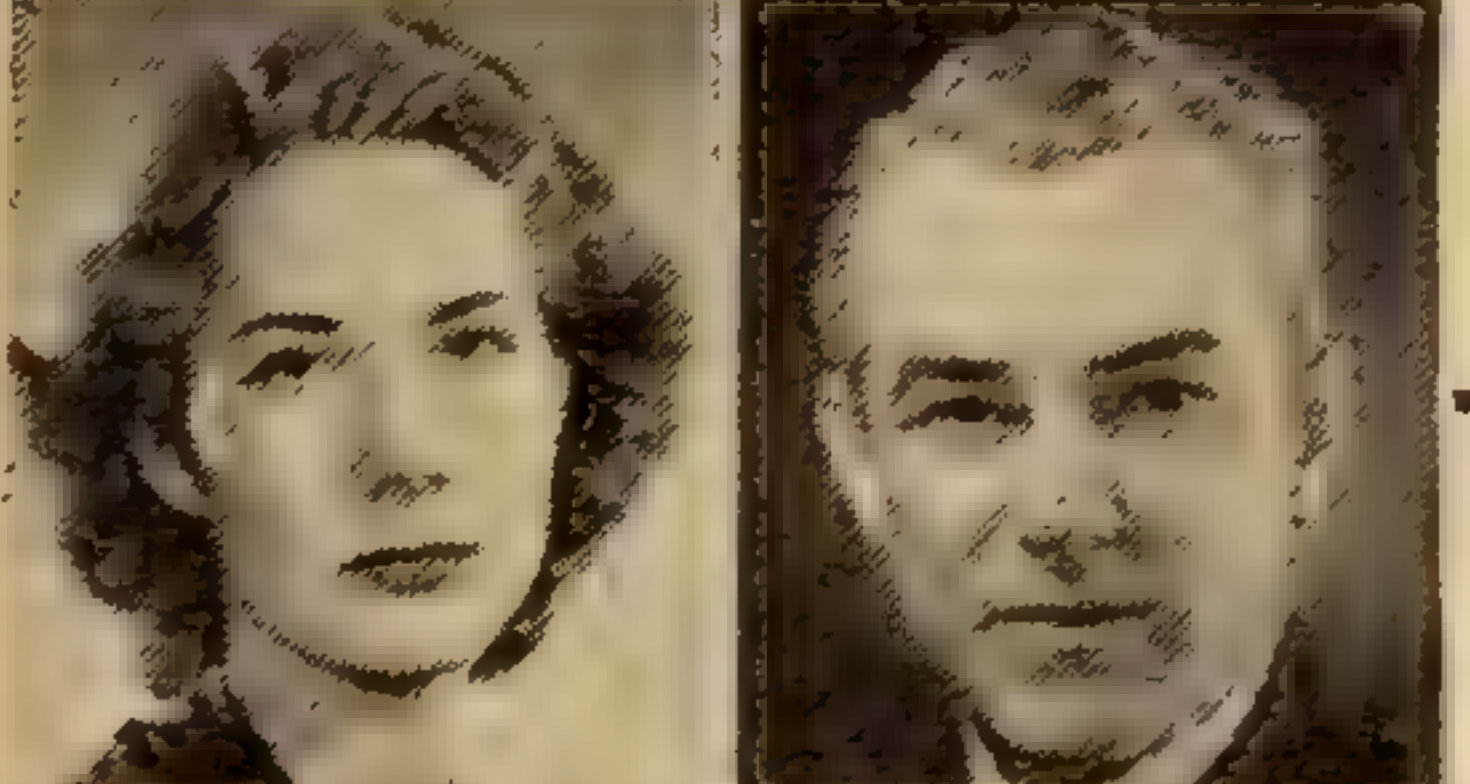
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liams," he purred forth personality, "how do you like being the star of this wonderful Aquacade?" "I don't like it! I'll be glad when it's over and I can go home and keep house for my husband," promptly replied Esther, completely ignoring her script. "I ended my radio career in a hurry," says Esther with a laugh.

Well, she wasn't kidding. She did go back to Los Angeles to keep house for her husband. She was thoroughly disgusted with show business. The contract she had signed with Billy Rose was full of loopholes—"none of which," she says, "favored me." Young Dr. Kovner had not finished his internship so Esther helped out by resuming her modeling at Magnin's. Once a month a man from Metro called her over the phone and said politely, "Have you changed your mind about pictures?"

Metro was particularly eager to get Esther to play the lead in a picture they had called "Bathing Beauty," and which they planned to film in Honolulu. One day the determined little man lured her into having lunch with Louis B. Mayer—no, she wouldn't have to sign anything; yes, Mr. Mayer understood she didn't want to be an actress, just lunch with him, that's all. Well, Mr. Mayer was his most charming and persuasive, and over the chocolate sundae Esther heard herself saying, "Yes, I'd like to work for you, Mr. Mayer, provided I can insert my own loopholes in the contract!"

Smart girl that she is, Esther insisted that she be given drama lessons for a period before she would have to face a camera. Mr. Mayer likes to introduce his new starlets in small parts in "Andy Hardy" pictures (Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Kathryn Grayson, Donna Reed, all played the *Hardy* circuit) so Esther made her screen debut in "Andy Hardy Steps Out"—wherein she wore a white bathing suit and ran away with the reviews. To give her more poise she appeared in a brief scene in "A Guy Named Joe"—the scene in the canteen where she talks to Van Johnson, while the boys in the audience whistle. And then at long last she decided she was ready for "Bathing Beauty." Her swimming in this picture, done handsomely in Technicolor, is so sensationally beautiful it is out of this world. In her next picture, to be directed by Pasternak, she blossoms out a full-fledged star. She doesn't even have to wear a bathing suit!

Not that Esther minds appearing in a bathing suit, the way some actresses do. She doesn't mind bathing suit art at all, and isn't a bit provoked when her picture appears regularly on the front pages of the Army papers with such captions as, "It would be gilding the lily to write a caption for this picture."

"What made me finally break down and sign a contract? Well, it was like this," she explains with her gay sense of humor. "I was standing in the middle of the dress salon at Magnin's one day, dressed to my teeth in a very smart creation. As I stood there looking ritzy as all get-out a customer walked right smack into me. 'Oh, I'm so sorry,' she apologized. 'I thought you were a dummy!' That was too much. I decided then that being an actress is more dignified than being a dummy."

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WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

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## "My Daughter Joan"

Continued from page 27

years later, touring through Florida, we passed a place which actually bore the name of Oke Fenokee. I think Joanie was skeptical of my fairy stories after that.

Joanie and I have been pals ever since she could toddle. Unlike other children, she never had to be forced to do anything, but obeyed with good and gracious will. Going to bed, eating spinach, or reciting a poem had never been a problem where Joanie was concerned. And that unusual docility stood her in good stead in her career. When she was only two and a half years old, her sisters Mary and Betty were booked in a sister act; following them was to be a young prima donna—all of five years—who got temperamental on one occasion, and refused to go on the stage. For nearly six months Joanie had listened to her sing her number: "Take Your Finger Out O' Your Mouth, You Know You're Over Two." It was not long before Joan knew it verbatim—words, music, and routine. So when the prima donna refused to appear, I told the manager Joanie could do it. She toddled out on the stage and sang the song, bringing down the house. From that moment on the sister act had three Brodel sisters in it—Betty, Mary, and Joanie.

It was not long before others besides just myself and Joanie's mother began to notice her exceptional memory and talent. Other people noticed it too, and predicted a bright future for her. But I never believed in telling Joan herself that she was in any way different from other children—to see her become fresh or conceited. Again and again I reminded her about a Catholic Sister's jocular remark that "... most of Joanie's education was mostly in her feet."

Joan's memory and acting ability were good, but her talent for dancing overshadowed the other two at as early an age as six and seven. I remember once Mrs. Brodel and I took the children to the Cotton Club in New York where Bill Robinson was playing at the time,

and told them to watch his dance steps closely—possibly they could incorporate them in one of their numbers some time. When Robinson called for volunteers from the audience to come up on the stage and be taught a number, Joanie went up. He showed her a few simple steps: she followed them without a fault. Then he showed her a few more complicated ones. She repeated those, too. Finally, exasperated, he said: "Go on home, chile, you are too smart!"

But Robinson had noticed her, and whenever he would see her and her two sisters at any of his matinées, he would always single them out from the hundreds of other children; take them up on the stage, and teach them an extra routine or two. I think he caught on—knew the children came not only to enjoy his show, but to learn as well.

Joanie's dancing progressed so rapidly that at the age of 14 she was booked by the Paradise Club in New York. Between you and me, labor laws regarding working minors were very strict in New York State. Anyone caught working or employing a child would have to pay a fine of some \$500, and possibly be sent to jail besides. All during Joanie's engagement at the Paradise Club—even though she was supposed to have been 18—I quaked in my shoes, expecting a detective to tap me on the shoulder any minute, and the long arm of the law to reach out after me. Sure enough, the last week of Joan's engagement it came. A plainclothesman walked up to me.

"Is that your daughter over there?" he asked, pointing to Joan on the stage.

It was Joan's last week at the Paradise Club anyway, so I did not care what I said. "Sure is," I said.

"How old is she?" the man asked.

I said nonchalantly: "Forty-two. A midget. Good, too."

From the Paradise Club Joan danced her way into bigger and better theatrical spots. Of course when I speak of Joan's climb to success, I do not mean that it was all a bed of roses. She had her share of disappointments and hard knocks—but instead of hardening her character they only gave her a better understanding of human nature, mellowed her.

During our early days' vaudeville tour, the Brodel Sisters' act was being "crowded" by a couple of old time vaudeville stars who considered themselves the whole cheese. At first the family and I took it goodnaturedly, but when I saw one of those men pick on Joanie, I rolled up my sleeves and told them off. I told them that Joan was just the kind of new blood vaudeville needed, and that if by the time she was their age she did not amount to more than they did, I would take her out in the alley and shoot 'er!

The earliest one of Joanie's "downs" happened when she was only five and we were playing vaudeville in Montreal. Joan's cue came and she was nowhere to be found. Frantically I searched back-stage; made the rounds of the dressing rooms; questioned watchmen, electricians, and other stage hand. No



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one knew where she was, no one had seen her. She just vanished into thin air. I ran out in the alley, climbed up the iron stairs to the attic, searched among the discarded scenery. No Joan. Finally, quite by chance, I stumbled on a heap of costumes in the corner, and there, asleep like a cherub, was Joan.

Finding Joan, however, was only half the battle won. Now she had to be wakened and made aware of her lines. The only thing that would make Joan wake up like a shot was an ice cream cone. I knew it and the manager knew it. So both of us ran out of the theater like a couple possessed, and sprinted to the corner shouting for the ice cream cart. Fortunately it was there. Each one with a gooey cone in hand, we raced back to ply Joan with ice cream. She woke up all right, and to our surprise and delight, she remembered her lines. Just as the master of ceremonies was saying: "—and last but not least—" Joan was coming out on stage. Never before or since did she have such a narrow escape. It impressed her so that being on time is one of her fetishes. She not only has two alarm clocks in her room, but makes me announce the time every ten minutes until it is time for her to be driven to the studios. Her Big Ben is so loud, I am afraid half the neighborhood gets up when Joan does. But that one incident of falling asleep on the job was enough for Joan. Knowing their sister's weakness about being on time, her sisters gave her a double insurance by presenting her with a coal black cocker spaniel puppy, Cinderella. Cindy is on Joan's bed, licking her face, even before her alarm clock can go off.

Besides Cindy we have Mike, a veteran wire-hair who had traveled with us everywhere for years and who was with Joan in her first screen test with M-G-M. It was a woodland scene, and to keep Mike from getting too close to the proptrees and making a nuisance of himself, I and the producer kept feeding him liver sausage. I do not think the poor dog was ever given so much liver sausage before or since.

I think a great deal of the kindness and consideration which are part of Joan's makeup comes from taking care of pets. Well I remember the sad case of her pet goose, Dundy. She won Dundy at a raffle and we permitted her to bring it home because we visualized it as a gorgeous centerpiece, stuffed with celery and apples. But after the goose had been named, the children would not hear of eating it. However, I must confess where geese and turkeys are concerned, I had no conscience, and—I lived to regret it. After I went to the trouble of sneaking Dundy to a butcher, no one in my family would touch roast goose and I had to eat it all by myself.

Pets, and her close relationship with her sisters, and with her mother and me, contribute toward making Joan what she is today—a sweet, unspoiled girl. In all of her eighteen years I have never had to punish her or speak to her sharply; there just wasn't an occasion. I do not think her good disposition is entirely a matter of heritage—I think it is due to simple, healthy family atmosphere in which she was brought up. In spite of

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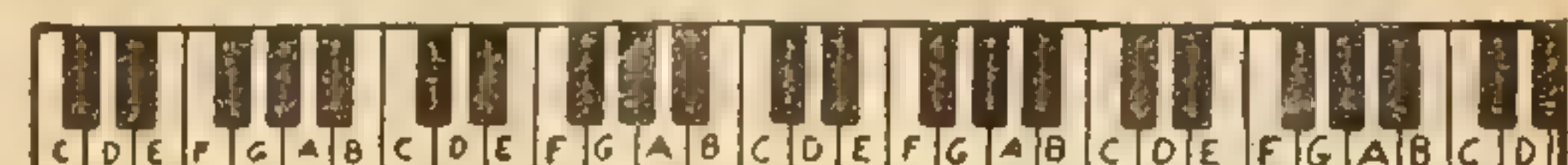
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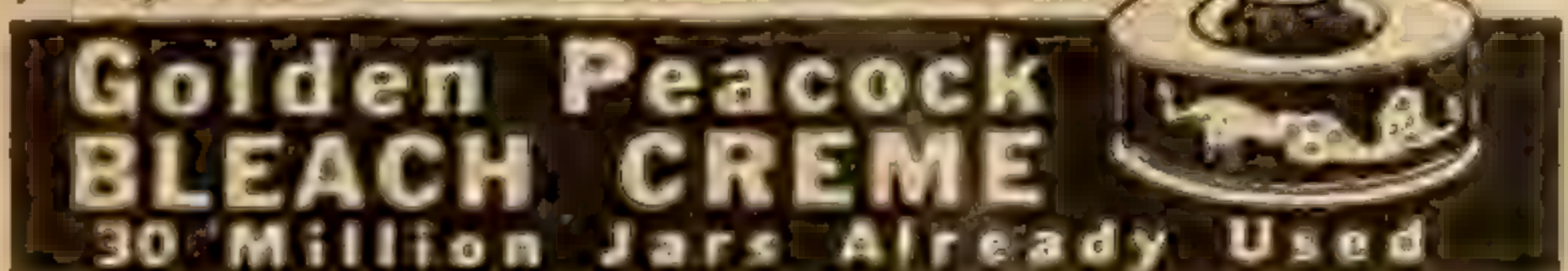
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our hectic travels and various financial reverses, the children's study routine and home routine remained the same throughout the years. True, papa furnished many a distraction by playing games and telling stories while Joanie should have been studying, but she always seemed to get along and remain at the head of her class. A theatrical child has little chance to finish schooling in any one school, and Joanie was no exception. But in spite of her school credits looking like a crazy quilt of names—she studied at St. Benedict's in Detroit; at Our Lady of Lourdes in Toronto; at St. Mary's in Montreal; at St. Ambrose in Hollywood. finishing at the Immaculate Heart High in Los Angeles—she managed to graduate with honors, in spite of the pressure of her heavy studio schedule.

As to her home routines, Joan always had helped her mother with simple housekeeping tasks. Where cooking and other household duties are concerned, she was always a willing pupil. And now, though a star, she still helps the family with the dishes and setting the table and all such things.

Incidentally, a dinner in our house is an institution. It may last anywhere from three to five hours—not because of the quantity of food consumed, but because it is a sort of Brodel Club, a gathering during which we each can tell of our plans, hopes, disappointments, accomplishments, and little excitements. The dogs add their bit, too, and what with all the giggling, and yelping, and barking, and requests for second helpings, it is not only a lengthy, but a pretty noisy affair as well.

As I said before, I never punished Joanie beyond driving her to and from work and lecturing her on life during those little trips. I never needed to punish her because the child was always docile. Her tastes have always been simple. While other girls at her age dream of beaux and mink coats, the only extravagance Joanie will permit herself now and then is sneaking into a Five and Ten with me, and blowing three dollars on some durn fool trinkets like twenty red doorknobs for the kitchen cabinets, or a whole counter of pots and pans. As for outdoor recreation, she prefers going swimming or hiking with me to playing conventional games like tennis or croquet.

Once, before we were members, we went swimming in the lake on the grounds of the Toluca Lake club. It was a balmy, dark, summer night. Before we could don our clothes, we saw a police car drive up, flashing its lights in the bushes here and there, searching for intruders.

"Let's lead that cop a merry chase," I winked at Joan. Promptly we dressed and started teasing him, now popping out of one bush, now disappearing in another. I don't think Joan enjoyed herself as much for a long time. It was the element of creating a game that appealed to her—just like years ago it appealed to her to participate conversationally in the exploits of the Fijis.

Perhaps these few incidents I have told you show you my daughter Joan as I know her—a simple, kindly, gay, faithful, unassuming girl.

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89 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

## Lynn Bari's Marriage Code for Ex-Bachelor Girls

Continued from page 37

urally," she smiled, "I have the best husband in the world."

It also sounded quite feminine to me when Lynn let go with the first item in her marriage code—*Look well at all times*. But when she finished, I decided that truer words were never spoken, and that this first rule is about as important as any of the following nine she was to give me later.

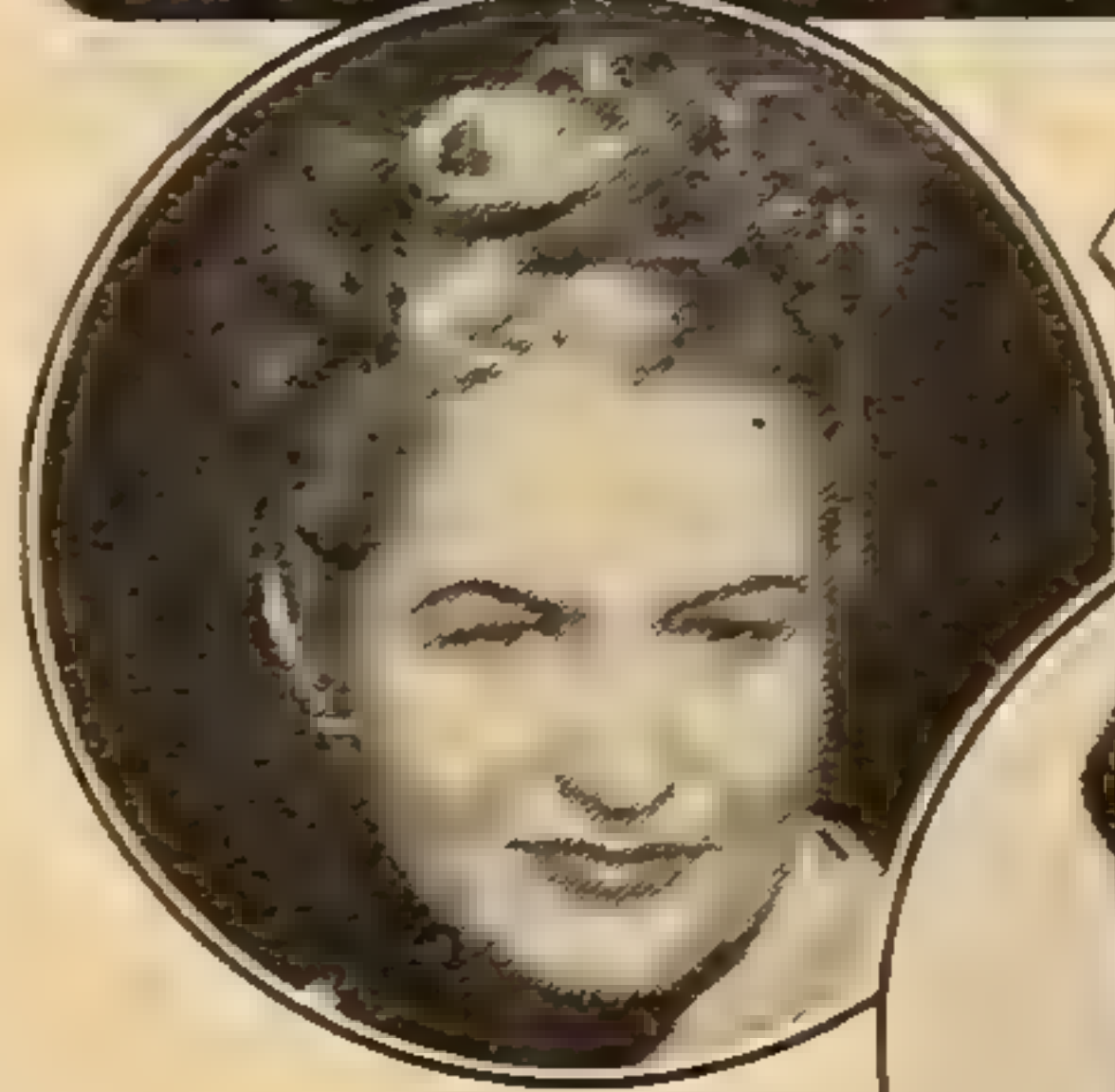
"This first law is a hangover from your single days," explained Lynn. "I have heard so many men admire other women than their wives, and when I looked at their wives I could understand. They were sloppy, not meticulous. They had their man and they were doing nothing to hang on to him. In the matter of what to wear, I think a girl should keep her individuality, but at the same time, she shouldn't offend her husband. If he doesn't like her hats, for example, she should either try to adjust her taste more to his liking, or pleasantly try to convince him why she doesn't look right in the kind of chapeau he might select. But if the matter becomes serious and it becomes a choice between your hats and your husband, I think the smart wife would keep the latter and let him have his way.

"It so happens that Sid likes the type of hat that suits my personality. He even designs one for me occasionally and they're very good, even if I do say so," she laughed with pride. "I have always found that a major trick in looking neat at all times is to have your hair in order. There's nothing more disgusting than a woman with frowzy hair. And it isn't necessary to run to a beauty parlor every day, either. I go to one about every two weeks, but in my business it's necessary."

The second little number in Lynn's Marriage Code for Ex-Bachelor Girls is a delicate one—*Get to be a real member of your husband's family*. "When you marry," she said, "you marry not only the man, but in a sense, his family as well. It therefore behooves you to make every effort to learn to like them and to have them like you. If a problem arises with some member of his family, sit down first with your husband and discuss it and find out first what he thinks you should do. And if at all possible, lay your cards on the table with the person the problem concerns, after you have sought the advice of your husband. I'll admit that some family incidents require the skill of a seasoned diplomat in the handling, but basic honesty is the best method of attack according to my humble observation."

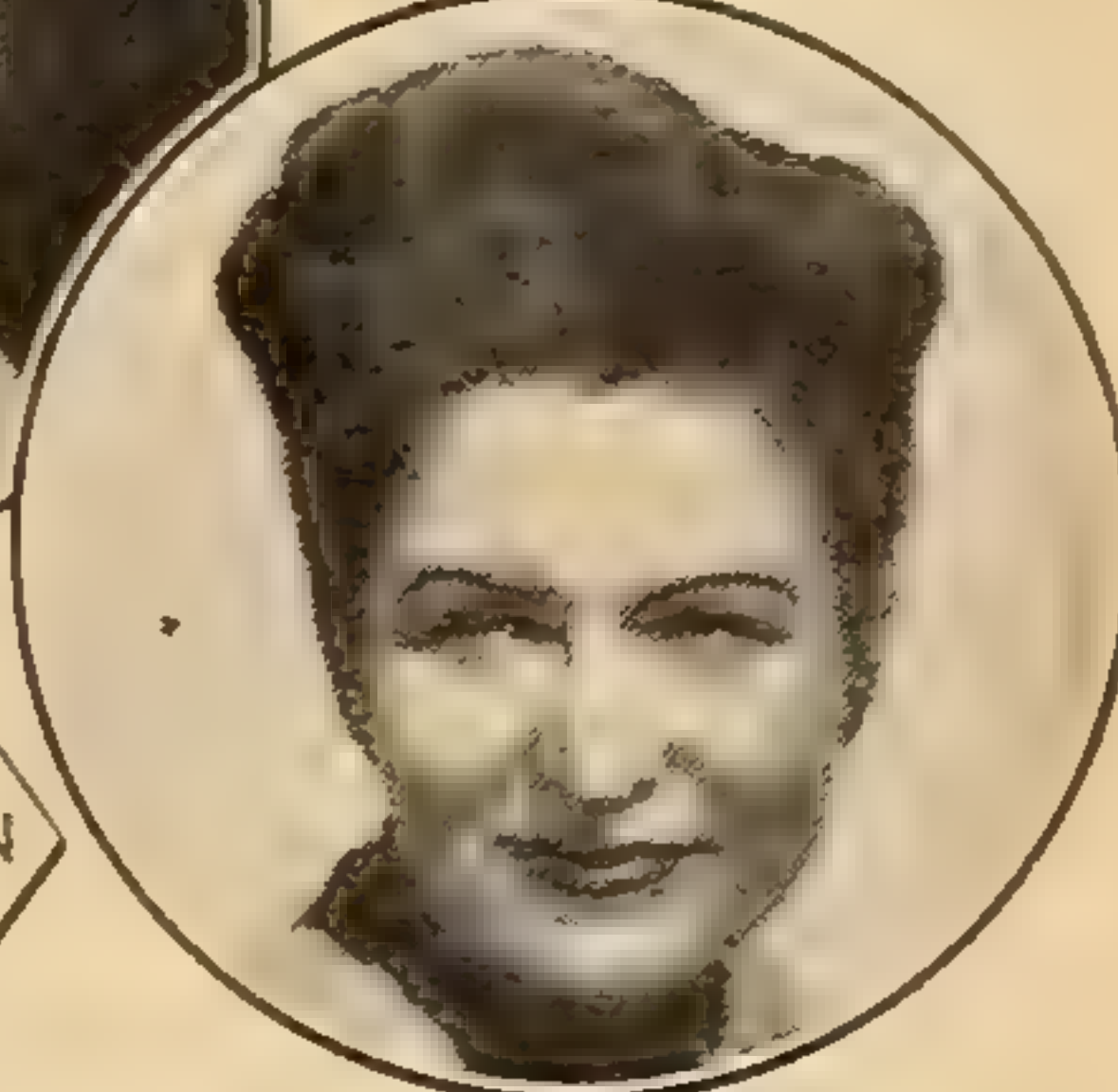
Lynn places her No. 3 rule—*Be a companion to your husband, not just a sweetheart*—so high on her list because she believes this is the one that covers so many marital breakups when ignored. And see for yourself if she isn't remarkably clear-headed on this one, considering she's only a bride. "Marriage can't always be merely love and cooing," she

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declared, with as much matronly poise as she could register. "Two people should learn to share each other's enthusiasms for common interests. They should learn to like each other's activities and pleasures, such as if you don't like football, go and make an honest effort to enjoy it and probably in time you will find you do. It so happens that Sid likes golf, a game I never played until after I met him.

"Now I find myself looking forward to our trips to the country club where he belongs. I must add that he has shown patience with me, but that is a necessary virtue one mate must practice in passing along a hobby to the other. I also find it smart keeping up with Sid's mental interests, particularly his reading. It has been a lot of fun learning about certain points of aviation, and I'm sure this kind of mutual interest has brought us closer together. On the other hand, Sid is very interested in my career.

"And this leads right into my fourth dictum for a happy marriage, especially when there are two careers—*Keep separate home and business lives.* This can be a real danger point when both husband and wife work. You may find that somehow the same competitive spirit you experience in business creeps into the home if you dwell too much on your respective careers. Drop your work when you come into the front door, I say, except for casual discussions or decisions of great importance. And above all, one person should not become so absorbed in what he or she is doing to the complete neglect of interest in the other's professional activity. I find it important also to know my husband's friends and to arrange for them to mix with mine. From the conglomerate group of those we knew before our marriage we are gradually finding out which of our mutual friends we want to go on seeing often."

Rule No. 5, which oddly enough comes right in the middle of Lynn's code, was described by her as being the balance pivot of the entire plan—*Be completely honest.* "This is the one point that is vitally essential to a happy marriage," she explained with great seriousness. "And the man or wife who begins to violate it, in my opinion, is asking for unhappiness. When two people feel they can trust each other implicitly, practically anything can happen and they will still cling to each other. If one never even entertains the thought of being unfaithful, one never will be in fact, and I feel that when two people are mature enough to be married, they should be wise enough to abide by this rule.

"My rule No. 5 also applies to the little things, like managing the house and taking care of accounts. Sid and I each take the same allowances each week from our joint account. And all our spending is done through charge accounts, so that we know exactly what is going out as well as what is coming in. It is all a matter of record when we sit down to figure out where we stand."

Modern women should work is Lynn's sixth rule. But she qualifies it to suit individual cases. "I admit I'm biased on this one," she quickly added after she had stated it. "Happily, Sid and I agreed

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that there was no reason why I shouldn't have a career after we were married. I had been a long time getting where I am in pictures now, and when I explained to Sid that I would be happier if I could complete the job, as it were, he understood. But there are many other women without home responsibilities who could better fill their lives and become happier if they did seek employment. Idleness is bad for anyone, as we all know, and right now it is not only bad—it is unpatriotic. Therefore, it seems sensible right now, that if a woman doesn't have enough work at home to keep her busy, she should find some kind of outside activity. And so much the better if it helps the family income. But those who are comfortably situated financially can certainly find something to do in the war effort among the various auxiliary services assisting the war effort."

Another important rule is Lynn's No. 7—*Have children*. "I'm not very well qualified to talk about this one," she said with appropriate bashfulness, "but I think that if both husband and wife want children they should have as many as they can. Certainly there is no ex-bachelor girl who has not dreamed of having children. Sid and I want a family as soon as one comes along, because we believe that marriage was instituted mainly for that purpose and that the happiest unions, without question, are those where there are children.

"So far Sid and I haven't had to worry about rule No. 8—*Settle tiffs immediately*. But I'm telling you that if I ever start brooding over some misunderstanding that may arise between us, I hope Sid whacks me over the head with something. I say this in a figurative sense, of course, because physical violence is one sure way of wrecking a home. But if people are honest and sensible they can settle differences immediately as well as after they have dragged it out for several days. I believe in making up right away in case of an argument. Then you don't have much of a chance to do anything rash. Sid and I have promised each other faithfully to adhere to this rule, and I know that if we do we will never drift very far apart."

This discussion about the seamy side of marriage led us to edict No. 9—*Keep your troubles at home*. Lynn admitted that by now she had begun to feel like a Greek philosopher, but for my money she had hewn to such a straight line of common sense that I was certain readers would welcome her words. I assured her she was refreshingly intelligent and reminded her we were practically finished anyway, and she let me have an elaboration on the next to her last point. "If there was ever a disgusting sight," she said, "it is that of a husband and wife picking on each other in public. Besides being inconsiderate of others and very embarrassing, it is extremely bad taste. This sort of thing can apparently become a habit very easily, according to several couples I have observed who do it. I think a little applied thoughtfulness can prevent it altogether. There are some couples who actually ridicule each other in public, but I think this is highly dangerous and senseless, even in private."

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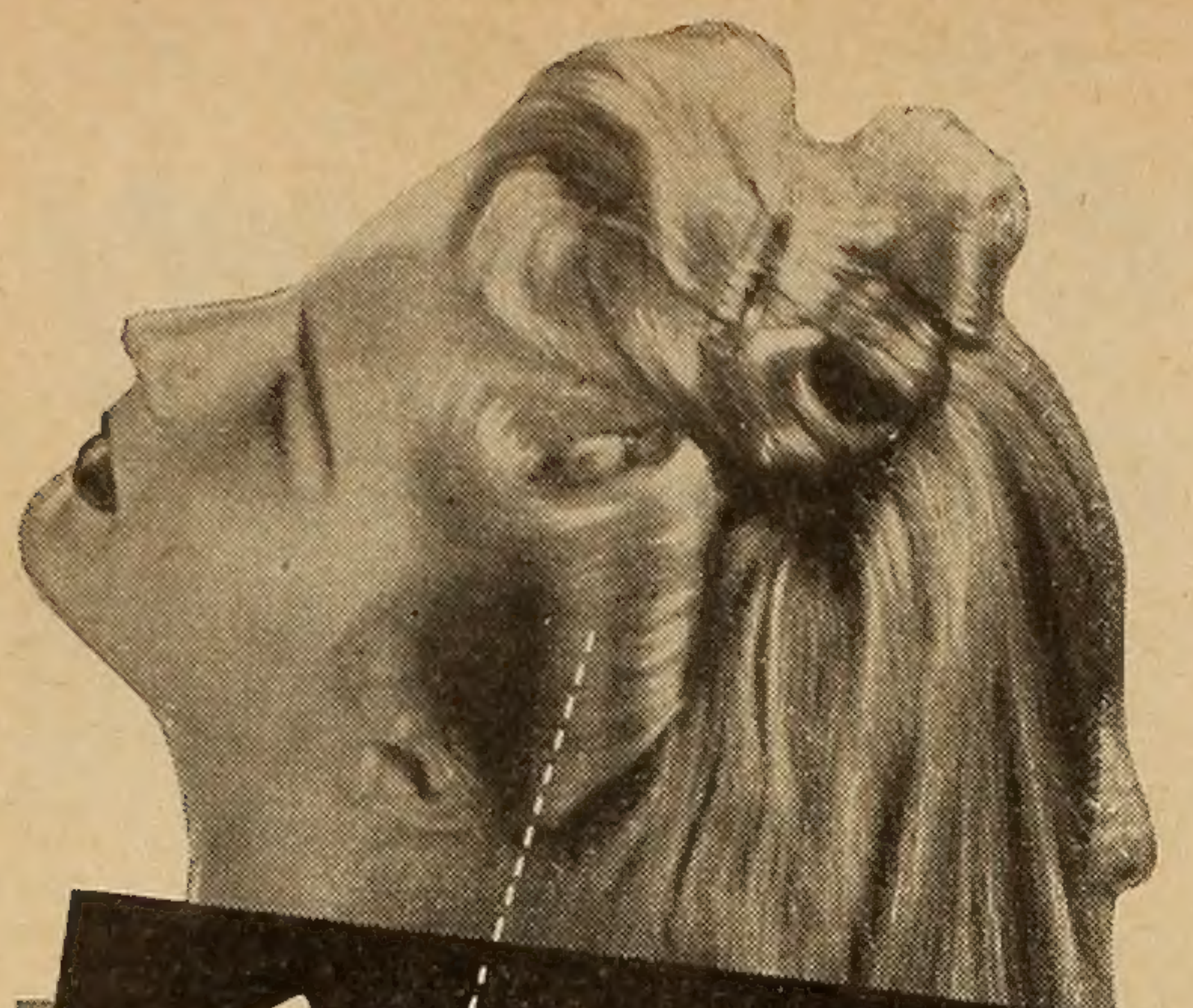
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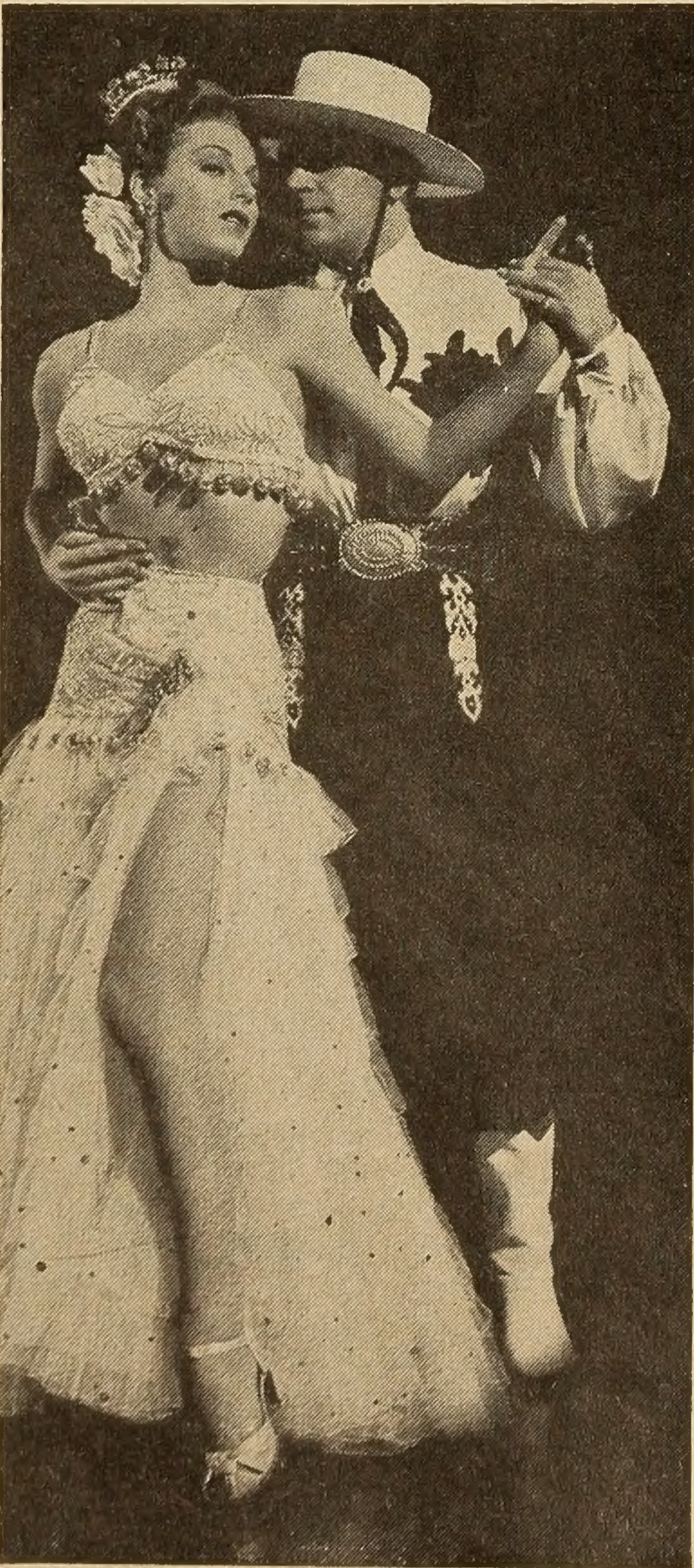
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Rule No. 10 is the exact antithesis of number 9—Remember the things that attracted you to your husband. "Praise and admiration are two good human foods," sagely remarked Lynn. "I think it is very smart of a girl to recall to mind often the things she admires most about her husband. And she should give voice to her admiration. It will make her husband love her more. This isn't just for ego. It's good for both of you and it draws you closer in mutual love and respect."

Having signified that this was the sum and substance of her Marriage Code for Ex-Bachelor Girls, Lynn expressed the same fear she had voiced during one of our previous interviews, after she had laid down her Eight Points for a Bachelor Girl. She was afraid someone might think her preachy.

"Your little philosophic meanderings on life, especially on this subject, rightly belong to everyone so long as they are based on experience and sound observation," I told her. "They are helpful and constructive, and what's more, they apparently work. Actually, I'm taking credit for having persuaded you to give me your 'Marriage Code for Ex-Bachelor Girls,' and I don't mind shamelessly taking the bows because I believe many girls will find it useful."

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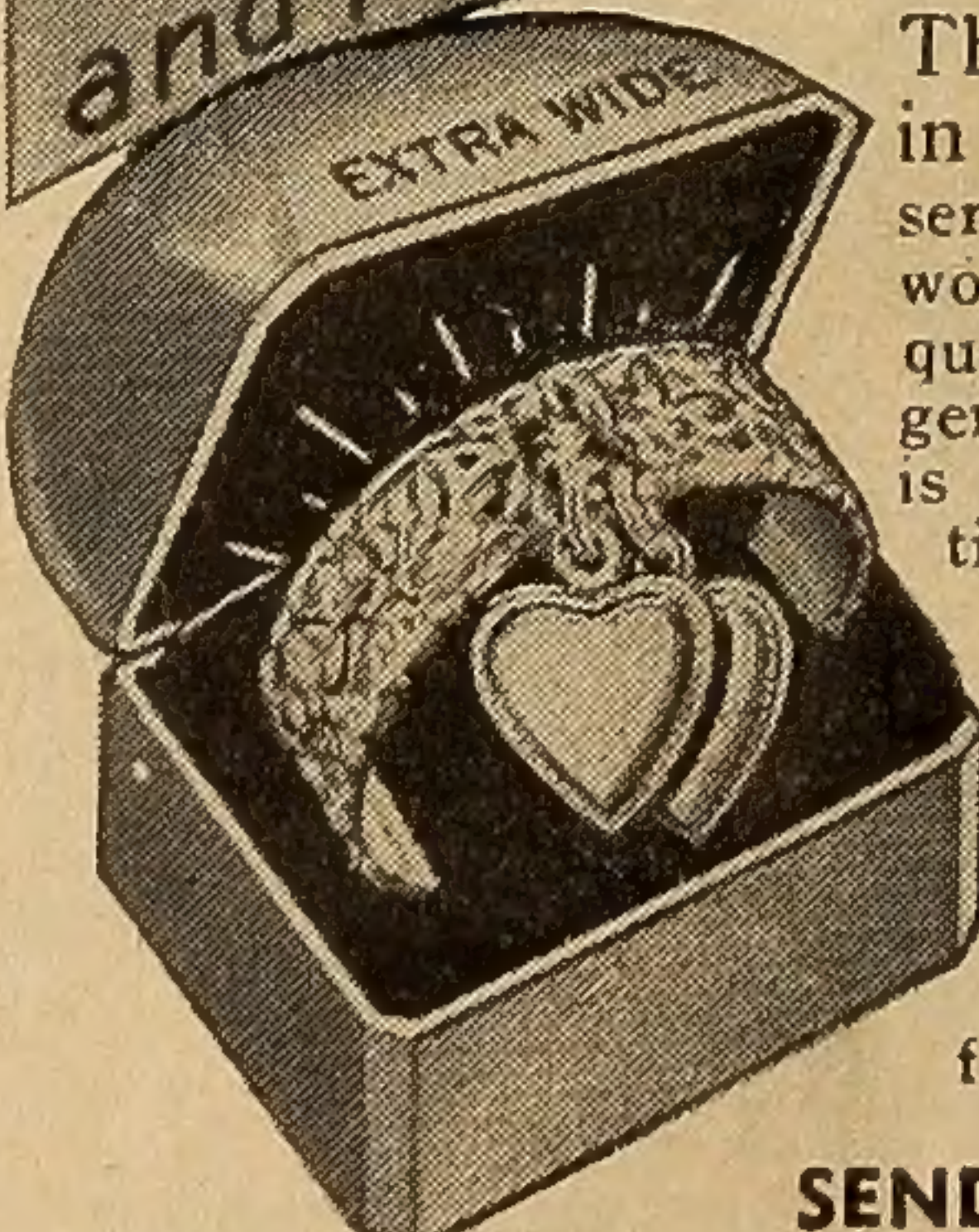


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